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Currency Shortage In S'hai

APPREHENSION FELT

Shanghai, Apr. 29.—Employers, meeting in an emergency session with the Central Bank, today estimated that they would need CY2,000,000,000,000 to meet their payrolls tomorrow. But the Bank said it could hope to furnish only CY900,000,000,000 in paper bills.

The employers expressed apprehension that the currency shortage will precipitate an internal crisis as the Communist armies continued their inexorable march upon the embattled metropolis. Hardest city in the world ever subjected to revolutionary invasion—from two directions.

The employers proposed an emergency programme, including arrangements with the ECA to issue rice tickets to be paid to workers in lieu of non-existent cash and also announced by the Central Bank of certain necessities, including cooking oil and cloth.

TENSION MOUNTS

There was no decision by nightfall.

Tension in the foreign colony mounted throughout the rainy day, based upon fear that the Shanghai Garrison force was inadequate numerically to offer more than slight token resistance and that militarily the city was wide open to the Communists whenever they were ready for the final thrust.

Correspondents leaving included William Costello of the CBS, George Grosjean of AFP, Dorothy Borg of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Mrs. Robert Martin of the Shanghai Mercury and William Carly of Paramount News.—United Press.

It's Going To Be Real May Day

San Francisco, Apr. 29.—May Day this year will be celebrated throughout "liberated China" on a scale without parallel in Chinese history, states the Communist Peiping Radio in a broadcast heard here.

"It will be the first real May Day for hundreds of thousands of workers in Mukden, Tientsin, Peiping, Tainan, Nanking and other cities where the workers' deadly enemy—the Kuomintang—has ceased to rule," the Radio said.

It added, "It is a May Day which marks the end of 22 years of the Kuomintang's rule of terror."—Reuter.

EDITORIAL

True To The Navy Traditions

TO most people the shelling of the Amethyst, London, Black Swan and Consort has now become a part of the history of the Yangtze River, but it is only necessary to converse with some of the men who survived that tragic ordeal to appreciate how deeply bitter they are in their hearts—bitter because their mission failed, inexpressibly hurt by some of the innuendoes directed against them in Shanghai, and bewildered by the reaction of figures such as Harry Pollitt who found in the river tragedy a means only of making political capital. And they carry with them, also, the maddening memory of Chinese who, at the funeral of their comrades, used the solemn occasion for undisguised sneers and jibes. Nor did the House of Commons, when it debated the incidents, trouble to devote much time to the gallantry of the men, who, without reasoning or questioning the wisdom of the orders, sailed on a duty task which brought them into conflict with an overwhelming display of military force. Somewhat belatedly official tributes are now being made to the courage and fortitude of these sailors and officers of the Royal Navy, who, we can assure on behalf of this British Colony, have proven to the world that they have no reason to be otherwise than proud of the manner in which they conducted themselves under the most trying and difficult circumstances. That many of them

feel frustrated is understandable; that all of them are grieved because they were not able to see the show through to a satisfactory conclusion is natural; but not a single man need feel ashamed of the role he had to enact, or of how he carried out his duty. Hongkong, in company with the rest of the world, watched breathlessly from afar the outcome of the deliberate Chinese Communist attacks on the British warships, but never for a moment did this Colony think that those ships and the men aboard were doing other than acquitting themselves in the truest traditions of the Royal Navy; and the full stories of those attacks and the gallant manner in which they were met—against preponderant odds—served but to confirm that confidence in the steadfastness of the British Navy. That it is even possible for survivors of that river tragedy to arrive in Hongkong believing anybody felt they had let down the prestige and good name of the Navy is, to us here, fantastic. For the manner in which the crew of the Amethyst, London, Black Swan and Consort behaved in Hongkong is and always will be proud and grateful. They remained unflinching in a dangerous and hopeless line of duty, and in so doing slung back in deeds more telling than words, the taunt that the British Lion is but a paper tiger. We shall not soon forget such heroism and devotion.

Safeguarding HK: Commons Questions

Our Own Correspondent
London, Apr. 29.—Mr. David Gammans, MP, will ask the Prime Minister in the House of Commons next Monday if he will make a statement regarding the steps taken to safeguard Hongkong against external aggression and possible Fifth Column sabotage.

He will ask the Prime Minister the same day if the Government will consider itself bound by the declaration of policy made in Moscow in 1945 regarding the future of China in view of the changed international situation and the signing of the Atlantic Pact aimed at preventing further Communist expansion in Europe.

Student Holds Up Plane

Athens, Apr. 29.—A 24-year-old student forced a Dakota plane to land at Salonika today by threatening the crew of two Rumanians and two Russians with a gun. The student, Stoyan Korm, boarded the aircraft at Temisvara, Rumania, with 11 other passengers for Bucharest.

Working his way forward when the plane became airborne, he forced the crew at gun-point to change the course of the plane for Greece.

Describing himself as an anti-Communist, he asked Greek officials at Salonika to consider him a political refugee. Orders were given tonight for the release of the plane, a Greek General Staff statement said. The plane was allowed to return to Rumania with passengers who wish to go back.

The plane, a Rumanian PC-3, belongs to the Rumano-Soviet Airline.—Reuter.

EURASIANS DEFINED

Kuala Lumpur, Apr. 29.—The Eurasian Union conference has finally agreed on a definition of a Eurasian:

"A person of mixed European and Asian descent whose father or any of whose progenitors on the male side is of European descent." (A European is the all-inclusive name given members of the white race).

The definition was needed to ensure uniformity in admitting members to the Eurasian Associations.—Associated Press.

Another Move To Lift Berlin Blockade

MALIK RECEIVES NEW INSTRUCTIONS

Next Week May See Final Details Fixed

Flushing, Apr. 29.—The American and Soviet representatives will resume their discussions on the Berlin blockade in New York today, the United States delegation to the United Nations announced. The surprise meeting was arranged by the U.S. Ambassador-at-large, Mr. Philip Jessup, following a telephone call from the Soviet United Nations delegate, Mr. Jacob Malik, this morning. The meeting will be held at Malik's office at 4 p.m. EDT.

The announcement of the meeting indicated that Mr. Malik had received further instructions from Moscow regarding plans to lift the Berlin blockade and call a meeting of the Big Four Council of Foreign Ministers on Germany.

Mr. Malik on Wednesday gave his oral assurances that the Soviets would accept a proposal to simultaneously lift the Soviet blockade and the Western counter-blockade and set a date for the Foreign Ministers conference.

Nudity On British Stage Condemned

London, Apr. 29.—The Public Morality Council, in its annual report, published today, attacked "the disastrous toleration of nudity on the stage" by the British authorities. The Council is a 50-year-old influential body on which Christian denominations and Jewish congregations are represented. Its patron is the Archbishop of Canterbury, and its President, the Bishop of London.

The report complained of the recent multiplication of productions which make or imply a special feature, and said it was "hard to see where any line can be drawn unless the exhibition of nudity be totally prohibited."

(As the law stands in Britain at present, nudity is allowed on the stage, provided the show-girls remain completely immobile).

The Council added, presumably referring to a Folies Bergere Revue, from Paris, at present showing in the provinces, and which may come to London: "Many salacious and most harmful productions are now touring the country, exhorting themselves on the grounds of art, and it is common knowledge that a Continental production is to be imported in its entirety for the benefit of the patrons of this type of alleged entertainment."

BAWDY PLAYS

The Council would not cease to protest "until the exploitation of nudity on the stage is definitely forbidden." The report also criticised a "continuance of the policy of providing financial support from Government sources for the revival of the 'restoration comedies'."

The plays, it said, were regarded in their day as "bawdy, decadent, and unfit for public presentation."

It was lamentable that "notable for their religious indifference and slackness in morals—support from public funds should be forthcoming for plays 'which present religion as contemptible and sexual morality as absurd.'"

The report added that it hoped the British Broadcasting Corporation would not in its programmes, comedies in its programmes.—Reuter.

CASUALTIES TOTALLED 115

London, Apr. 29.—The Admiralty tonight issued a list of 115 casualties on the ships Amethyst, Black Swan, Consort and London in the recent Yangtze River incidents.

The list, complete up to early today, comprised 37 killed, five died from wounds, nine dangerously wounded, 21 seriously wounded, 42 wounded, and one missing.—Reuter.

TEAR GAS TO CATCH LUNATICS

Paris, Apr. 29.—Police used tear gas bombs to capture two lunatics who spread terror in a hospital at Vesoul, Eastern France. After freeing themselves from their strait-jackets, the madmen smashed all the medical equipment and crockery, while nursing attendants barricaded themselves.

The police used tear gas bombs after being driven back by a rain of missiles.—Reuter.

Mr. Porter McKeever, spokesman for the United States delegation to the UN, reported that Mr. Jessup arrived in New York earlier today en route to Norfolk, Connecticut, to attend the funeral of his wife's uncle, former Senator Frederick Walcott. Mr. McKeever said, "He stopped by his office and while he was here he received a telephone call from the Soviet delegation asking him if he would come by and see Mr. Malik at 4 o'clock this afternoon."

Mr. McKeever added, "He cancelled his plans to attend the funeral and will see Mr. Malik in his office this afternoon." Mr. McKeever said that Mr. Jessup would have no comment on the conference until he had an opportunity to report to the Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson. He also will report to Sir Alexander Cadogan, Britain's UN representative, and Jean Chauvel, French delegate.

Should the conference show that Mr. Malik has received formal Moscow assurances to lift the blockade and call a Big Four meeting, diplomatic sources forecast that the British and French representatives would be brought into direct talks next week to arrange final details.

DENIES REPORT

Mr. McKeever at the same time denied a published report that there is an Anglo-American proposal relative to plans to be advanced in the meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers, if one is to be held.

The report said that the two powers would ask the Ministers to agree upon the merger of the Soviet-occupied zone of Germany with the Western German Federal government into a single federal state. The report said that France had not agreed to the Anglo-American proposal nor the tentative decision by the United States to propose at the same time an early and drastic reduction in the German occupation forces.

Mr. McKeever said, "The United States has not at this stage begun discussions regarding any proposals which might be advanced at the meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers if one is to be held."

"These are all matters which are under active consideration in the Department of State. The further statement in the press report concerning French disagreement with this proposal is, therefore, also without foundation since no such proposals exist."—United Press.

FA CUP TEAMS

London, Apr. 29.—The teams chosen by Wolverhampton Wanderers and Leicester City for tomorrow's Football Association Cup final at Wembley are: Wolverhampton Wanderers: Williams; Pritchard, Springthorpe; W. Crook, Shortmore, Wright; Hancock, Smythe, Pyle, Dunn, Muller.

Leicester City: Bradley; Jolly, Scotts W. Harrison, Plummer, King; Griffiths, Lee, J. Harrison, Chisholm, Adam.—Reuter.

Lion On The Loose



Tom J. Jesse, left, and Zoo director Hugh Davis (centre with torn trouser leg) free a cub lion which sprang loose into a crowd of visitors at Tulsa, Oklahoma's Mohawk Park recently. No one was injured and the cub was recaptured.—AP Picture.

Princess Goes Bathing

Her First Dip In Mediterranean

Capri, Apr. 29.—Princess Margaret today bathed in the Mediterranean for the first time.

Wearing a sky blue bathing suit and a wide-brimmed straw hat she was rowed out to a motor yacht put at her disposal by the Italian authorities.

She went aboard from a private beach and sailed off around the island to find another private place to bathe.

The Princess, who was with Major and Lady Mrs. Harvey, embarked from the beach below the picturesque villa named Torre Sarcena which has been lent to her during her stay by 80-year-old half-English, half-Italian Edwin Cerio, writer and engineer.

PRIVACY AT LAST

She went down to the beach from the hotel in a sumptuous pink and blue cotton frock and changed into a bathing suit at the villa before going out to the yacht.

Today's excursion was the first bit of real privacy the Princess has had since her arrival in Italy on Wednesday. Up to now she has been followed by photographers and journalists wherever she appeared in public.

Today, at Major Harvey's request, the 30 British, American and Italian journalists who have been jamming the island's two solitary telephone lines in desperate attempts to get their stories through to their newspapers, appeared inclined to call a truce and leave the Princess to enjoy her day off swimming and sun-bathing in peace.—Reuter.

Fire In Hotel Room

A carelessly dropped cigarette from a floor above caused a fire to break out in Room 430, Peninsula Hotel this morning. The room was vacated by Mr. Wilcox of Jardines at 8.30 and about 10 o'clock a room boy smelt smoke and found the room was on fire.

A scotch, blinds and curtains were extensively burnt.

Mr. Giles C. Steadman, Vice-President of the United States Lines Co., is scheduled to arrive in Hongkong from Manila today. He is on a business trip and is expected to remain in the Colony about a month.

REDS IN NO HURRY

Keeping Nervous S'hai Guessing

Shanghai, Apr. 30.—Communist armies seem to be in no hurry to move on nervous Shanghai. Nor do they seem to have met any serious opposition.

Some Tai units have cut off at right angles from the Nanking-Shanghai railway and are moving south along both sides of Tai Lake. These units, flanking Shanghai on the west, probably are driving south toward Hangchow.

The Reds are also active in the southern part of neighboring Anhwei province around Chihchih and Chimen.

A LONG MARCH

They may swing northeast from there toward Hangchow. That is about 125 miles. It would be a long march, but it could line up with units moving south from the Nanking-Shanghai railway, such a hook-up would bottle up Shanghai.

The Communists do not appear to be using many men in the current operations. Shanghai Garrison communiques—the only official Nationalist source of news about the war—have mentioned 10,000 troops and four Red armies. (An Army is usually about 20,000 men). Ten thousand showed up at Soochow, rail city 60 miles west of Shanghai which the Reds occupied this week.

The Communist 23rd Army is in the Tai Lake region. The 14th, 15th and 16th Armies are in Southern Anhwei.

OUTWARDLY CALM

Shanghai is outwardly calm about the war but openly worried over money. The situation is approaching the nightmare stage. The U.S. dollar was worth more than 3,000,000 gold yuan on Friday, more than double the quotation of the previous day.

Yesterday, the British sloop Black Swan sailed down the Whangpoo to the mouth of Yangtze. That left Shanghai's "battleship row" empty of foreign vessels. A British source said, "They say the Black Swan will not return. She will stay at the mouth of the Yangtze with her cruiser Belfast which arrived on Thursday."—Associated Press.

FIRST SUSSEX CENTURY

Hove, Apr. 29.—John Langridge made a good start to the English cricket season by compiling the first Sussex century during a friendly two-day match against Hampshire, which began here today.

He scored 122 in two and a quarter hours, with two sixes and 15 fours. The closing scores were: Sussex 207; Hampshire 88 for 4.—Reuter.

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 See how the major cities of America adjust their traffic problems of to-day!
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 AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
 Larry PARKS—Ellen DREW
"THE SWORDSMAN"
 A Columbia Picture—IN TECHNICOLOR
 AT REDUCED PRICES

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 AIR-CONDITIONED
 TAKE ANY EASTERN TRAM CAR OR HAPPY VALLEY BUS
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 A LUXE MISTONE PRODUCTION
 Co-starring CHARLES LAUGHTON-LOUIS CALHERN
 SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30
 "MAY FIRST PARADE 1948" and "SOVIET UKRAINE"
 A very interesting Russian Film

Welles Explains His Theory Of Shakespeare

For DAVID LEWIN'S Spotlight

ORSON WELLES has gone into "The Black Rose" with Tyrone Power and he flew into London to say why.
 It is just a matter of common sense for Orson: "Now I can get the money to make 'Othello' as my own picture—and no one can own a part of it."
 Twentieth Century is paying the Welles cast of "Othello" for standing by for five weeks. Then they go out to North Africa to rehearse with Orson in the desert while he is finishing off his Mongol war-lord part in "The Black Rose".
 The Welles with schoolboy hair, crumpled blue suit with cuffs turned back, is hammering out picture ideas. His latest: to film Homer's Ulysses—and to indicate that Homer felt his hero didn't quite do all those wonderful things he talked about.
 But first, "Othello". The novelty there: giving a motive for Iago's wickedness. Welles makes Iago an emotionally-frustrated man—that's why he hated everyone.



Orson Welles
 Since Mr Rank is no longer in the market for Pascal's big-money ideas, Gaby has gone to the Rank rival—A.B.C. To them he has taken his three big film assets: Jean Simmons, Deborah Kerr, and Bernard Shaw. He has a claim on the stars—and the exclusive right to film Shaw's plays.



The British technicolour film Scott of the Antarctic, the story of the gallant, but ill-fated expedition to the South Pole led by Capt. R. F. Scott, R.N., is to open at the Lee Theatre on Thursday. Above, Pelly-Officer "Taff" Evans (James Robertson Justice) falls for the last time on the trek back from the Pole, and after a brave insistence to Scott (John Mills) that he is "Quite all right, Sir," dies in his tracks. The whole party later perished in a blizzard, and their bodies were not found until eight months later. Partly filmed in the Antarctic and Switzerland, and acted with feeling, the film is a fitting tribute to a great band of men.

Acid bath play is on the way

Harold Conway's SHOW TALK

DURING the next month London is likely to have both a play and a film about the same subject. The subject is a Harley Street doctor-murderer who keeps an acid bath in which to dispose of his victims.
 The picture is called Obsession, the play A Man About a Dog. Both have been adapted by Alice Coppel from his novel which has the same title as the play. In the play the victims are a man and a dog. In the film both man and dog escape. Coppel wrote the play two years ago—and several London managers rejected it as being "too fantastic".
 Manager Lee Ephraim is hoping I understand, to present the play at about the date the screen version opens (May 20)—perhaps earlier.
 Stage and film managers usually agree to avoid simultaneous showings of the same story. It can damage box-office business on both sides. Here the stage people evidently think the topicality of such a theme too valuable to miss.
Roagan Attacks
 Who is Ronald Reagan? He is one of Hollywood's newest stars. As such, he was invited to Britain some months ago to appear with an American actress in a British picture called The Hasty Heart.
 Reagan is chief of the American Actors Guild. In this capacity, he has hastened on returning home to see President Truman and complain about our film quota.
 He has joined other union leaders in asserting at the White House that the British Government has broken faith with the American film industry. And he is reported as expressing the belief that Britain is using her present difficulties to camouflage actions against American films.
 The large Elstree studio where Reagan worked are both surprised and disconcerted. They may well be. Reagan spent his time here, they tell me, in avowing his—and the American industry's—good will towards British films.
 His good will does not appear to have survived the journey home. Attacks of this kind are unlikely to build up good will—for the many Hollywood artists coming over to earn money in British studios.
Garden Snobs
 COVENT GARDEN policy is avowedly to establish big-scale opera in English. But it seems to be falling into pre-war snobbery in favour of foreign names.
 The Opera House management announce a list of forthcoming "guest" artists. The names from overseas are described as "internationally famous" or "famous". When it comes to our own Joan Hammond, the claim is more modest, she is merely "well-known" to English music-lovers.
 Miss Hammond—Australian-born, ex-golf champion—has recently returned from six months of concert-giving in America. Is going back there in July, during the course of a world tour. She is recognised here and abroad as one of our leading sopranos.
 But, as a Covent Garden "guest", Miss Hammond apparently lacks one important attribute of celebrity (in the management's eyes). She sings opera in English, with an English accent.

That is getting to be an old story in the band business now, on both sides of the Atlantic. The band showmen of today with the personality which hits the customers hard are Harry Roy, Ambrose, Billy Cotton. You ought to know these names—you were spelling them out before the war.
 Of the newcomers who really lead the band—and do not let the band lead them—I choose two: Edmundo Ros and Ted Heath. Too many of the others are just conductors.
 Perhaps it is because the B.B.C. does not star bands as it used to. The regular broadcasters from Mayfair's hotels are over. Today it is "The Dance Orchestra" directed by Stanley Black. It used to be "Henry Hall and the B.B.C. dance orchestra".
 Now, if the B.B.C. put Stanley Black above the band there might be another name to add to the new boys who have made good.

Now that everyone has had his say about Mr Rank's new method of film-making with pre-fab sets and already photographed backgrounds, the pattern for his future pictures is working itself out.
 It is going to mean more stars in each film. That is a good thing.
 The time when the order was "One big name per picture" is over. That was how Diana Dors got her big chance opposite David Farrar in "Diamond City".
 And we are just pulling out of the period when lightweight stars were expected to carry pictures before they were ready. It was obvious that good as they were, Ronald Anderson and Gordon Jackson in "Floodtide" were not going to cause any rush on the box office on the strength of their names alone.
 Now they will have the time to gain in stature and experience.

The new way is spotlighted with the news that Michael Redgrave, Celia Johnson, and Margaret Leighton are acting together in "The Astonished Heart".
 Their wage bill would come to more than £2,250,000—far too expensive for a picture made the ordinary way. But with the saving on sets there is more money left over to pay for the artists.

GABRIEL PASCAL, who made "Cassius and Cleopatra" for more than £1,250,000, and hasn't worked since, is knocking at the film door again. He is all set for a comeback.

IN town for two days Anatole Litvak, the man who made the film about madness, "The Snake Pit," starring Olivia de Havilland. Litvak spent three months working in an asylum before starting the film. Olivia studied the problem with him, playing occasional visits.
 Then they both fought the studio for more than a year to let them make the picture.
 "That's always the way with problem stories," said Litvak. "Everyone is against filming them, and everybody is surprised when they turn out well."
 (London Express Service)

NOTES FROM BRITISH STUDIOS:
The Film Twins Are Off To S. Africa

JOHN and Roy Boulting, famous twins of the film world who have made such successes as "Brighton Rock", "Fame is the Spur", and "The Guinea Pig", are going to the Union of South Africa for their next venture. They are to produce and direct a film, written by James Lansdale Hodson, based on the great trek of the Dutch from the Cape to the Transvaal. Ninety per cent of the picture, which is to be called "Spearhead", will be shot in Africa; half the actors will be South Africans.

IVAN Desny has arrived in Britain from his native France to play an important role in the production, "Madelaine", to be directed by David Lean. It is the story of a Glasgow girl who was tried for the murder of her lover in the 1850s. Desny has been responsible for the French dialogue of over twenty films. He recently played a comedy role in "L'Esprit de l'Amille". During the war he was arrested by the Germans and sent to do forced labour.

FIRST British film to have a big-scale American premiere was Scott of the Antarctic, which is to be shown at the Lee next week. Mrs Truman, wife of the US President, was honorary chairman of the committee responsible for organising the event at Washington's Playhouse Theatre. Proceeds of the performance, which was attended by Mr J. Arthur Rank and many celebrities, went to the American Cancer Society.

A representative jury selected by "Elle", one of France's most important women's magazines, has chosen Laurence Olivier and James Mason as the best foreign actors of 1948 and Jean Simmons as the best foreign actress.
 Edwige Fenech, who co-starred with Stewart Granger in "Two Cities" and "WOMAN HATER", was voted "most elegant actress of the screen."

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 NEXT CHANGE—BY POPULAR REQUEST!
 Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "SINBAD the SAILOR"

C.V.R. Thompson Dog's life for cats

NEW YORK. CATS will have a dog's life now in Illinois. Their prowling days—and nights—are ended, by law. For ten years, Miss Gertrude Charny, president of the Chicago branch of the Friends of Feline Society, has been campaigning that cats do more harm by killing birds than good by destroying rats and mice. Her theme: Stray dogs are not allowed by law, so why stray cats?

So at last Illinois has passed the Marauding Cats Bill, declaring strays a public nuisance. Owners of prowling pets will be fined.

But the cats still have claws in the shape of a society which is planning a fight to repeal the Act.

EASTER EGG in a Fifth-avenue window was priced £233 10s. It was solid gold.

TWENTY-YEAR DREAM of waitress Mrs. Greta Appel, of New York: A cosy little restaurant of her own, with red, orange, and blue walls, and curtains and lots of flowers. But she couldn't wait any longer, and now she has become the first woman to run a kiosk in London.

All she serves are hot dogs and soda pop. But her stand is painted red, orange, and blue, with a vase of daffodils on the counter.

MONEY MEN in New York are not yet sure that the £ will not be devalued. Discounts on forward contracts in sterling ranged from two cents for 30 days to a record ten cents for six months.

CONGRESSMEN asked the Government to do something quickly about the three-day-old newspaper strike in Washington. They said it was unable to read their speeches in print made them feel like actors without an audience. The same night, editorial men reached agreement in a pay claim and the strike ended.

SHOW BUSINESS: Broadway critics cancelled a cocktail party to present their annual awards to the best play ("Death of a Salesman"), best musical ("South Pacific"), and best foreign play ("The Madwoman of Chastellot"). Reason given by one critic: It is humiliating for critics to mix with actors. . . . Robert Morley, given another prize for the year's outstanding Broadway performance, has written a play for Rex Harrison.

FASHIONS FOR MEN

IN the window-pane suit OUT the pin-stripe

THE tailors who keep as close an eye on physique trends as Army statisticians, say that men today are two inches taller on the average than their grandfathers.

In 1900 the average height for men in Britain was 5ft 6in. Today it is 5ft 8in. with an average chest measurement of 36in. The rising generation is expected to be taller still.

Side vents are popular in the 1949 jackets. For the 5ft 8in. type, side vents of 8½in. are being made, or alternatively a 10½in. centre vent.

The striped worsted flannel is "out." New plain cloths in elegant grey (grey tinged with blue) and donkey brown (grey tinged with brown) take its place. The Lovat cloths are being popularized with an over-check larger than formerly named window pane.

For both week-end and formal wear the Glenurquhart check is being revived. In some cases this spirited cloth is enhanced by a silk stripe check.

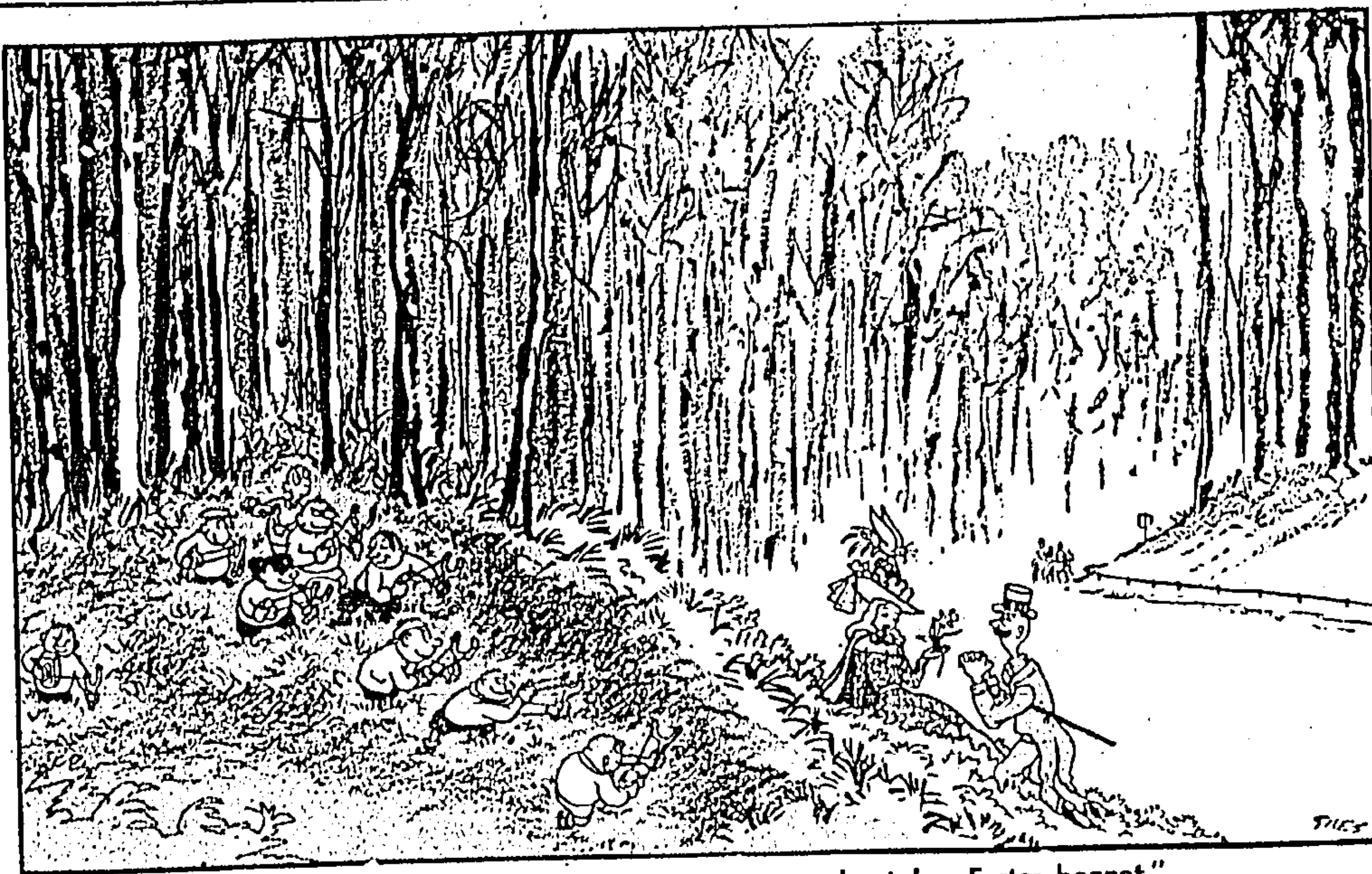
Trousers will be self-supporting in the two-piece suit, and the well-dressed man will be expected to choose a waistcoat in violent colour contrast to his two-piece or one that tones with it—canary yellow with an over-check suit or a check with a plain suit.

But there is one 1949 fashion note that men are likely to shy at—raised trouser side-seams.

While they are now in the mood to welcome changes men are reluctant to accept anything that suggests Edwardianism. They are eager for new colours, new cloths and new styles, but they have not British tailors the problem of adding the best traditional styles and making them up-to-the-minute for a gayer 1949.

JOHN WARE

(London Express Service)



"He's just told her he could write a sonnet about her Easter bonnet."

London Express Service

BERNARD WICKSTEED
with Round-the-World Air
Ticket No. 1

IN ATHENS

ROUND THE WORLD WITH WICKSTEED

I've just 'blued'
a million—
in a week

ATHENS, April 8. ONE of the things I did before leaving London was to buy a classical atlas, and I had it open on my knee as we flew over the Ionian Sea on the way from Rome to Greece.

We hit the coast near Corfu, with the snow-covered mountains of Albania towering on the left. Then we passed right over Ithaca, where Ulysses used to live.

You remember what happened to him, don't you? He was called up to join an expeditionary force to rescue Helen of Troy (whose face launched a thousand ships). Ulysses had just married, and didn't want to launch any ships, so he tried to dodge the draft by pretending to be mad—an old army trick that is not unknown today.

Ulysses' trick
HE yoked a horse and a bull together and ploughed up the sea shore (the self-same golden shore that I saw from the plane). Instead of corn he planted salt.

His deception was found out because they put his infant son on the sand in front of the plough and Ulysses turned away so as not to harm him. That showed he was swiveling the lead and he had to join up.

In present-day Greece, at war with the guerillas, he wouldn't have been treated so leniently. A few weeks ago, the son of a wealthy business man in Athens was shot for evading his call-up. He sent a sickly substitute to be medically examined in his place. A few minutes after passing Ithaca we saw a dirty brown river coming down from the hills and spilling itself in the purple sea. That's Missolonghi, where the bad Lord Byron caught a cold and died, after going to Greece to fight the Turks.

Our route took us along the Gulf of Corinth, and there on the right were the mountains behind which Arcadia lies. That (and not Kensington Gardens) is the real home of Pan and his pipes.

A thousand houses in suburbia still keep the name alive. In the old days Arcadia was full of beautiful shepherdesses dancing about in

long frocks and bare feet, while funny little men with goats' legs and horns in their hair looked on. A curious belief of these people was that they were older than the moon.

Superstition
THEY were only mortal, those ancient Greeks, and looking down on their country from 10,000 feet, as gods might do, you can see what fertile ground for superstition it was.

When the only way to get about was to walk or row in a boat, those rugged islands and isolated valleys teemed with man-eating sirens, women with snakes instead of hair, and beings half animal, half man. Over on the left were the slopes of Parnassus, sacred to the Muses, Apollo and Bacchus. The soil is barren, but the wooded green valleys you can see from the air were supposed to be just the place for writers in search of inspiration.

We swapped a clock with the Turks in Athens for the Elgin Marbles—it wasn't even a good clock. Drawn by OSBERT LANCASTER

Delphi was on Parnassus. Some of the ruins are still standing, and you can pick them out from the air.

As you know, there was an oracle at Delphi, who used to make the most remarkable prophecies. Fortune telling was a respectable trade then.

The oracle of Delphi was a woman who worked herself into a trance by chewing laurel leaves. She spoke in the name of Apollo, and gave her predictions in verse until someone pointed out how odd it was that the god of poetry should be such a rotten poet himself. After that her predictions were given in prose.

And so to Athens, birthplace of democracy.

At quite a nominal cost it is possible to be a millionaire in modern Athens. The banks were shut when I landed, so a fellow at the airfield said he'd lend me something to be going on with. "How about a hundred thousand, old man?" he said.

"A hundred grand?" I replied, as nonchalantly as I could. "Yes, that ought to see me through to the morning."

Before the 1914-18 war the drachma was worth about 1s. 8d. The official rate now is 32,000 to the £. So the hundred grand was worth a little more than £3, and the million I drew from the bank in the morning cost under £32.

What does it feel like to be a millionaire? It's rather embarrassing really; because the average man's pockets were not made to hold all that money. The highest note is for 20,000 drachmae, but as they paid me a million in notes of 10,000 I walked out of the bank simply rolling in money. The only compensation is that the Athenians quickly relieve you of it. The million has lasted less than a week.

The cheapest thing you can buy here is a box of matches, and that costs 500 drachmae or 3½d. Everything else is in proportion. My hotel bill worked out at about 100,000 a day, including breakfast and lunch, but not dinner. Taxes cost the earth. I had to pay £3 for a drive as far as from Piccadilly Circus to Hampstead and back.

It's a good thing I didn't have to buy any clothes. A suit runs out at anything up to two-and-a-half million (£250), and shoes are £7 a pair.

I've had to give up my pipe for the time being. There is no pipe tobacco in Greece. Only cigarettes. They cost about 2s. for 20 and are all right if you like Greek cigarettes.

But what's a little thing like that when you can see the most painted, written-about building in the world by just looking out of your hotel window?

They have got the Parthenon flooded now, and as the rock it stands on is in black shadow the ancient temple seems to be floating in the sky. To a low-brow like me it looks fantastically lovely lit up like this, but a lot of the Greeks say that without the rock the beauties of the Parthenon's proportions are lost.

Elusive Grandeur

FOR 2,000 years architects have tried to copy the building, but there was always something elusive about its grandeur they could not recapture. The secret was not discovered till 50 or 60 years ago.

Then people, going over it carefully, found that none of its lines were straight. They look straight, but everything about it was made to follow the curve of the earth.

The marble pillars that surround it are not upright as they appear. They curve inwards. The walls, the cornices,

the friezes are all curved, too. If you put your eye on the level of the steps as my guide showed me how to do, you can see them rise in the middle and then slope gently away.

Apart from the design, the workmanship is so perfect that up to 1687 the building was almost intact. Then the Venetians shelled it, and a powder magazine that the Turks had put inside blew up. In a couple of seconds the world's masterpiece was ruined.

The Greeks have a plan to rebuild it just as it was, with marble from the original quarry.

If the plan is ever carried out Britain will have a chance to make a graceful gesture and return the Elgin Marbles now in the British Museum. These were taken from the Parthenon and brought to England by a lord called Elgin, who gave the Turks, then occupying Athens, a town clock in exchange.

It wasn't even a good clock. (London Express Service)

It's so easy to get out of Britain without a passport

by
A Special Correspondent

SYDNEY Stanley's disappearance has focused attention on the possibility of illegal emigration from Britain by air.

It is a process which involves little difficulty. Fortunes have been made by the people who, in the past year, have flown men and machines into Palestine.

An ex-R.A.F. Pathfinder officer has been a leading operator. He has grown rich.

It is well known that, at the time when there was an embargo on the supply of arms to Jews or Arabs, many surplus warplanes that had been sold by the Ministry of Supply left Britain and landed in Palestine.

Men and women were being flown in at the rate of hundreds each week, having been picked up at various points in Europe.

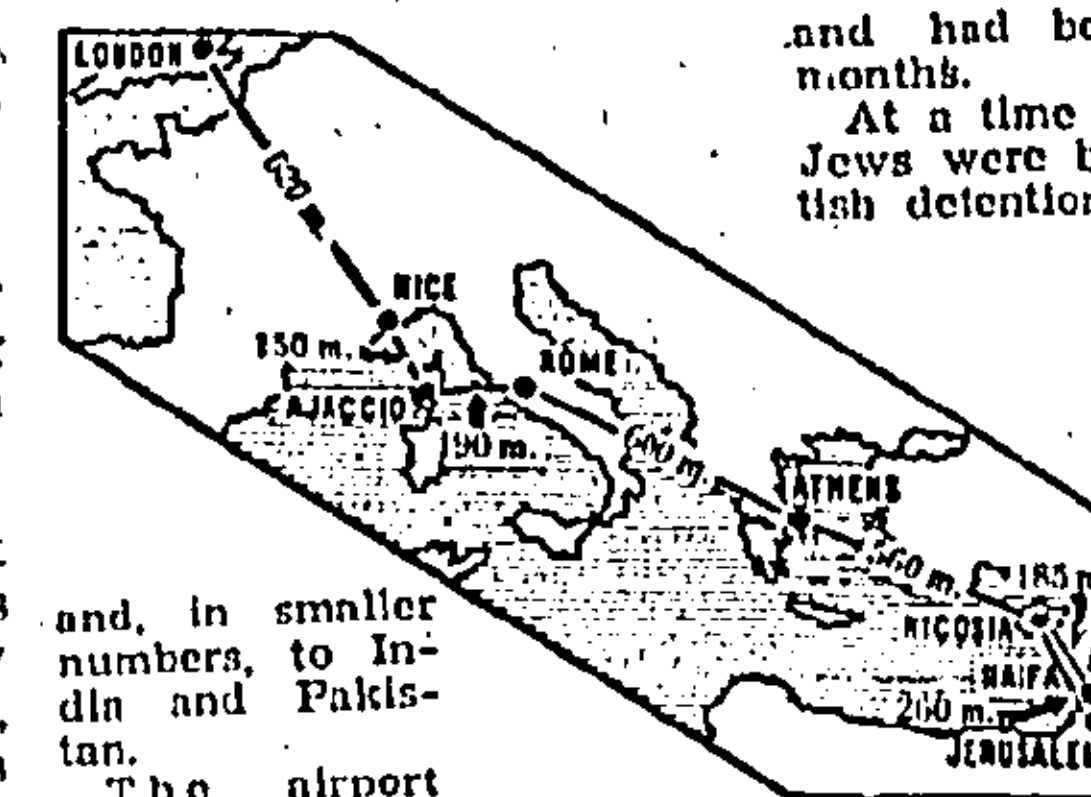
RECENTLY I examined the log book of a converted Halifax bomber belonging to a British charter firm.

Early last July this plane took off from Rome; its load was described as "freight," its destination as Haifa. It made four return trips in quick succession.

I know that the "freight" consisted of Jews, between 40 and 50 on each trip.

And I know that the plane landed not at Haifa, but on a specially prepared strip near Jerusalem.

It was impossible for a Halifax to land on Haifa Airfield, and the fact that the authorities—perfectly aware of Haifa's landing limitations—winked an eye at this, shows how simple it was. Almost as easy was the delivery of surplus warplanes. At the time there was a stream of them being flown to Turkey.



and had been doing so for months. At a time when thousands of Jews were behind bars in British detention camps in Cyprus, thousands more were being taken in to Palestine by aircraft which landed at Nicotia to refuel.

For a time the British authorities allowed these planes to take on a full load of fuel on their way into Palestine, which meant that several hundred gallons could be pumped out for the petrol-starved Jewish forces.

Focal point of the migration in Rome. A senior British official of B.E.A. stationed at Ciampino Airport told me that often Jewish passengers have not been in possession of proper papers, but a phone call to a certain number in the city quickly and mysteriously clears the matter with the airport police.

TWO months ago an attempt was made in Rome to steal three Tempest fighters, one of which I was flying to Pakistan. One of the men who made this attempt was an American; the other two were British pilots, whose licences and passports had been confiscated. And yet they were able to move about in Rome. There is an organisation there which provides papers and money.

Having flown down the route between Britain and Palestine, I would say that if Sydney Stanley has gone that way he ran a little danger of falling to get through.

There are always plenty of more or less unemployed pilots hanging around Mayfair who will fly anybody anywhere for a few hundred pounds. And there are one or two very good brains behind them to organise the details for a few thousand.

(London Express Service)

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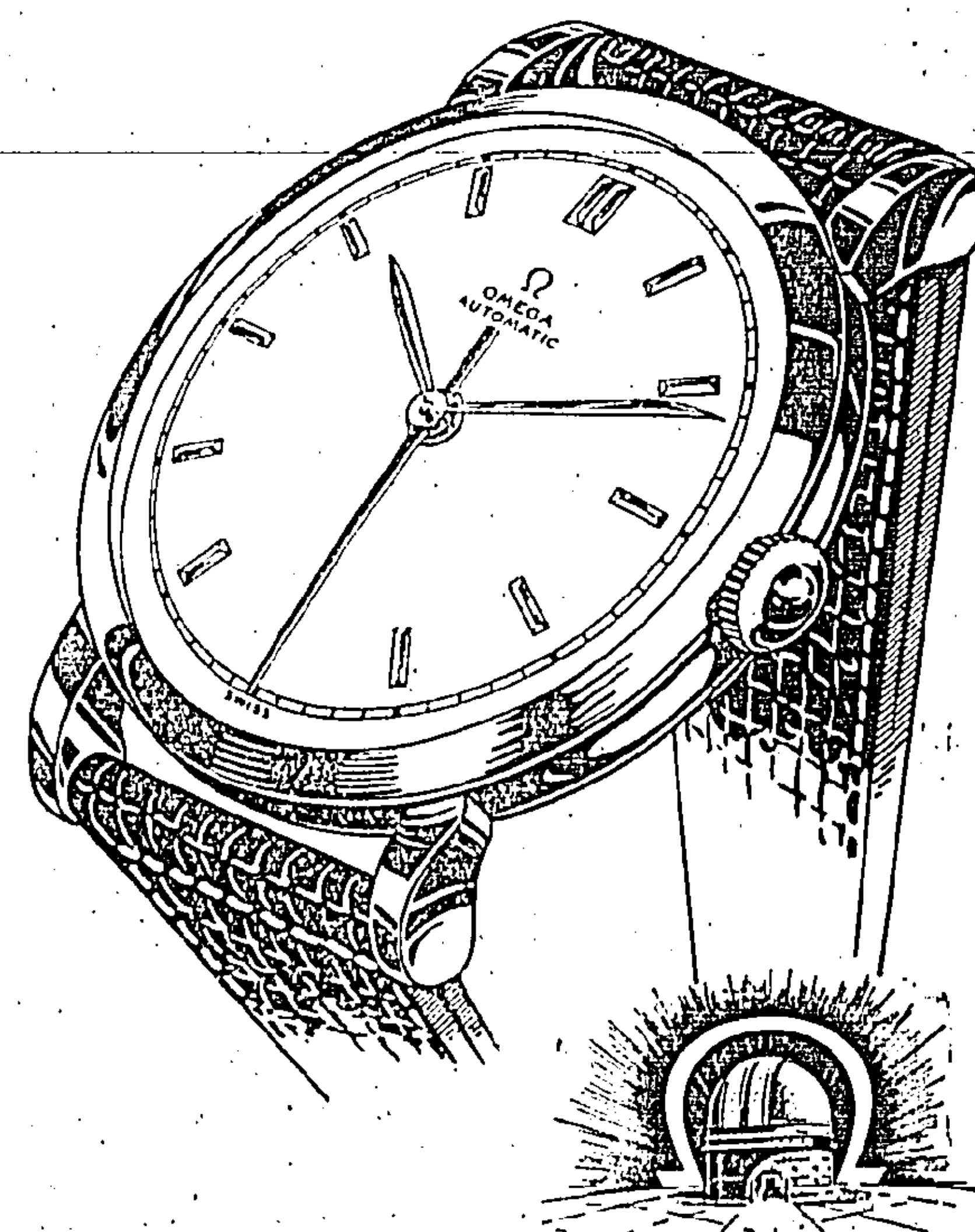
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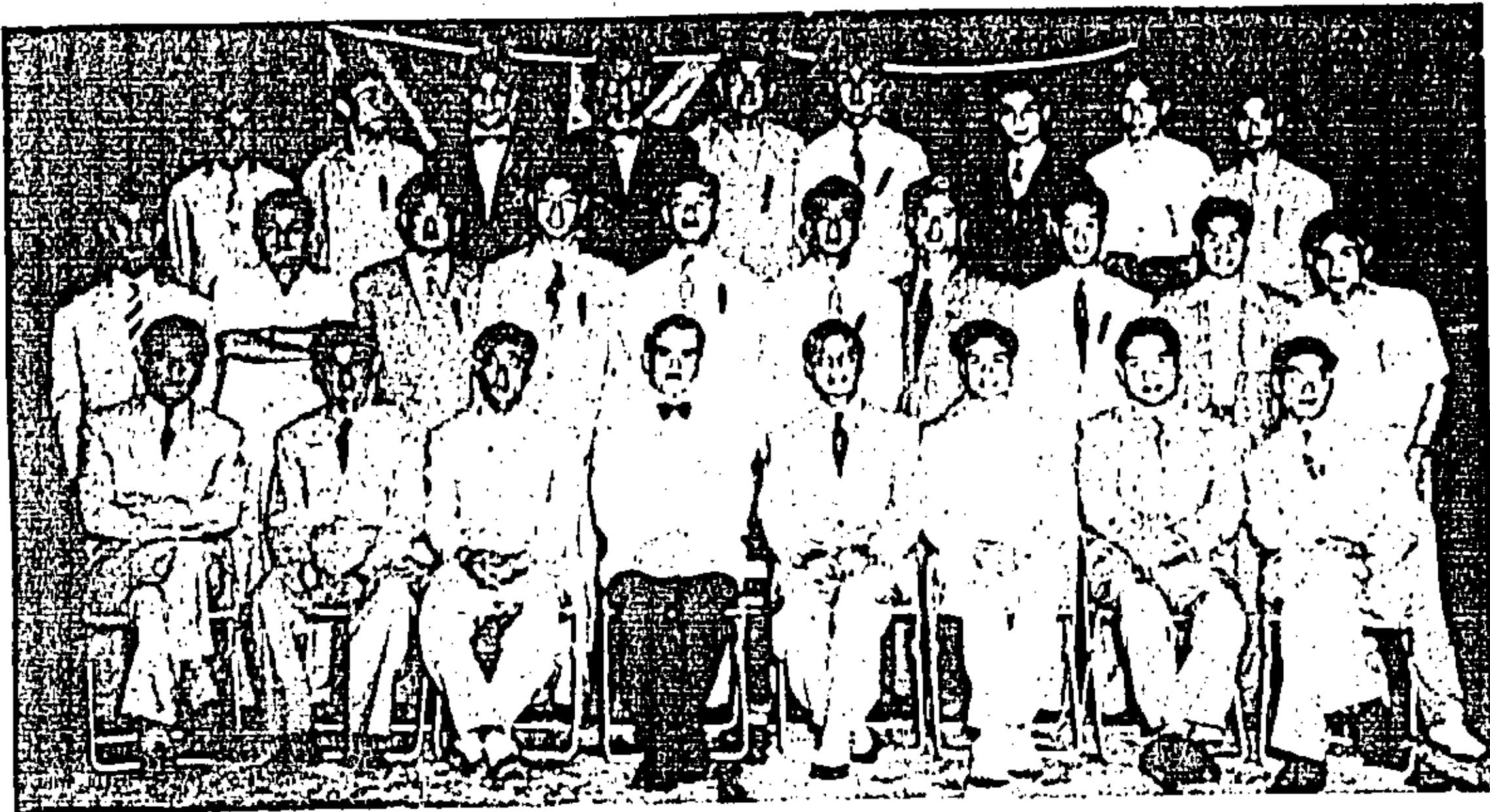
OMEGA



IN recognition of his valuable services to the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals as a Permanent Director for a full half century, Sir Robert Ho Tung was on Monday presented with a silver tripod from the Board of Directors. The presentation was made by HE the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham. Above: Sir Robert speaking during the ceremony. Right: The Governor and party inspect the hospital. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



A MEMORIAL service was held at Statue Square on Sunday to mark Anzac Day, and wreaths were laid at the Cenotaph by representative Australians, New Zealanders and other residents. Top picture shows the service in progress. Lower left: Brig. A. de Burgh Morris laying a wreath. Lower right: Mr H. Wrigley, Australian Trade Commissioner, and Mr S. T. Williamson, Hon. Agent for the New Zealand Government, at the ceremony. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP photograph taken at the graduation party held at the Far East Flying Training School at Kai Tak. Seated fourth from left is Mr W. F. Dudman, head of the School. (Mainland Studio)



LT-COL E. J. R. Mitchell and Mr V. C. Labrum, President and Vice-President of St George's Society, escort Lady Grantham to her seat at the film show given in connection with St George's Day at the Leo Theatre. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Bishop Henry Valtorta officiating at the reopening last Saturday of the Chinese Catholic Club. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs F. A. Broadbridge with their daughter, Carol Leander, whose christening took place last Sunday at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong. (Ming Yuen)



AT the St George's Day dance at the Yacht Club. Top left: Mr and Mrs Gordon Dewar, Mrs Housman-Tyroll and Mr Frederic Bieri. Above: Mr Richard C. Clarke, Mrs Fisher, Mr A. Owen, Mrs Mallorie, Mr F. A. Fisher, Mrs Clarke, Mr J. T. Mallorie and Mrs Owen. Left: Mr John Mackay, Miss Margaret Stewart, Mr Peter Hutson, Miss Jane Strellott, Mr Peter Huth, Miss Phyllis Kirby and Mr Pat Devoson. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PROF. Chao Mei-pa lecturing on the development of Chinese music at the Cosmo Club last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Ma Man-fai speaking at last week's dinner of the Kowloon Branch of the Reform Club. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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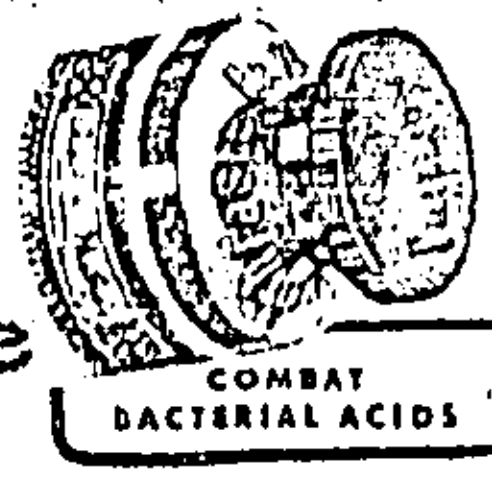
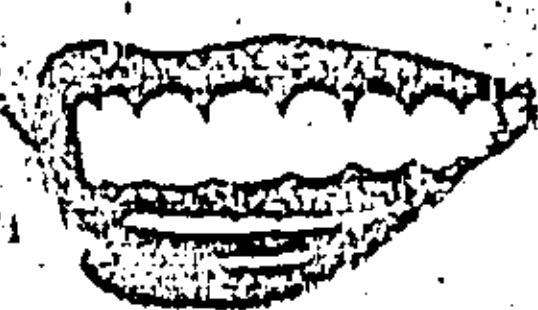
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FIND OUT ABOUT PHILLIPS?

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FOOTWEAR FASHIONS

TOES WILL BE A FOCAL POINT in autumn footwear, judging from style predictions. The square toe, which is enjoying some popularity now, should be popular this autumn because of its adaptability with tweeds, suits and tailored ready to wear. Variations of the square toe are making an appearance, too, in the perfectly square toe on well types, and in the flat, tapered square toe in dressy patterns. Also forecast is the Platon, a walled toe trimmed to a point which reflects the pointed toe with a raised appearance. More toe news is seen in a turned-up toe presented by one Paris designer which is intended to shorten the appearance of the foot.

BOOT TYPES and spat effect footwear should have greater success with the advent of a shorter hemline. Many designers felt that shoes that hug the ankle or ride high had an unflattering tendency to make the leg look shorter when worn with long skirts. The slimmer, shorter skirt may give these high-riders a boost. Uneven hemlines, panels and swathed effects in skirts should also create a demand for footwear that is sleek and uncluttered, and be the inspiration for many new designs.

SKIRT TRANSITIONS focus attention on footwear. Perugia's collection with Dior's short evening gown had new understated heels and pointed toes. The heel curves gently from the instep of the foot and gives the effect of a lower heel height. High, pointed toe reflects the Platon toe. The dripping panels call attention to footwear.

TANNERS predict that primary colours for autumn will be black and dark brown in suede, wine tones, some navy and grey. Not to be overlooked, however, is the new blue colour, which is particularly good with brown and is a natural complement to furs.

by EILEEN ASCROFT

REMEMBERING the fate of the few ankle length picture frocks in the rain at Ascot last year, I am pleased to hear that "afternoon dress with hats" is the official dress required by ladies entering the Royal Enclosure this June.

Ascot models, already being shown in the shops, are pretty and practical. Printed cotton voile (Lancashire manufactured) is featured in one collection, in attractive all-over designs.

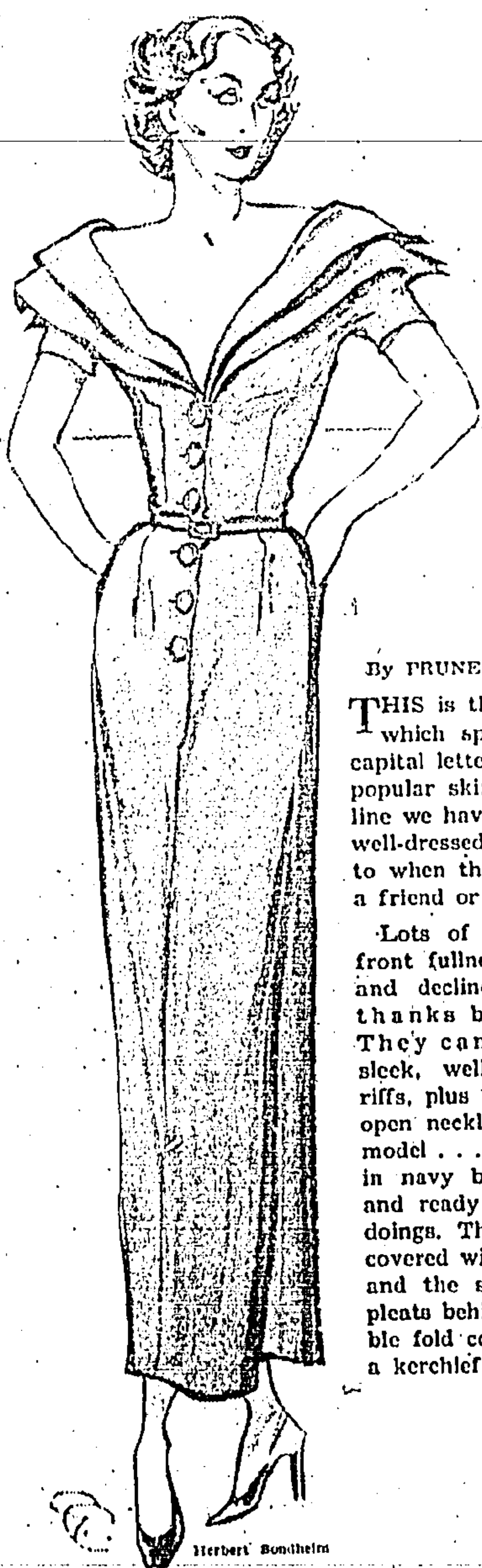
Many have been inspired by native Japanese and West African prints in rich reds, greens and yellows; others are Paisley designs in unusual colour combinations. The voile is light and drapes well, and models are lined, which gives them a pleasant firm appearance. Included in this collection are a few charming styles for the larger woman, in small misty pastel checks, or navy and white, with smooth hip lines and cunningly pleated skirts.

Original Ascot hats, presented by Czech designer Franz Weisskopf, include an enchanting bonnet in pink gros grain, with blue and pink hycinths and pink veil, and a large moss green felt with a double brim and pink cabbage roses tucked in between, the back trimmed with rose leaves.

Very practical for the summer is a washable toque in crisp, white pique straw, with a soft draped crown and side trimming of blue and white taffeta ribbon. Here is a new designer of model hats who combines reasonable prices with original ideas. Every hat is individually designed for the woman who will wear it, and is made by hand in French materials.

Michael Sherard, newly elected member to the "Big

Sleek Simplicity



By PRUNELLA WOOD

THIS is the silhouette which spells 1949 in capital letters, the most popular skirt and neckline we have, one which well-dressed women turn to when they see it, on a friend or in a shop.

Lots of women hate front fullness on skirts and decline Dior with thanks because of it. They can have their sleek, well-dressed mid-riffs, plus the wide and open neckline with this model... here shown in navy blue shantung and ready for late day doings. The buttons are covered with self-fabric, and the skirt has box pleats behind. The double fold collar comes to a kerchief point behind.

Herbert Bontheim

FROCKS GO NATIVE
—for this year's Ascot

SENORA PERON BUYS TWO FROM PARIS

★ FROM PARIS Betty Wilson reports that Senora Eva Peron has just received two glamorous evening gowns from French designer Pierre Balmain. They were selected for her by a Parisienne friend.

Both are off-the-shoulder styles, one in white and silver lace, mounted on shaded rose-coloured tulle, with a very low-cut bodice made of flowers cut from the lace pattern and sprinkled with brilliants. The other is in white tulle with roses nestling in the draped neckling of the pale-pink satin bodice. Scattered over the white tulle skirt are white goose feathers.



Ten" Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, reports that his clients are ordering dressy suits for Ascot, in more and the silk, also alpaca, can uniform material made from roan's wool, generally used for lining men's jackets).

Mrs Vincent Sheean, wife of the author, suggests a way of cooking fish, such as herrings, mackerel and trout... stuff them with black olives and cook in olive oil.

Anna Neagle, this year's top star, keeps her hair from blowing off by stitching a tiny comb into the front to clip into the hair.

Mrs Dick Crossman, just returned from America with her MP husband, tells me that American men are wearing non-iron nylon shirts. Nurses' uniforms in the States are also made of nylon.

shining in the evenings... non-greasy sun tan, to be used on face, arms legs and back, which filters the sun rays and encourages a gradual, harmless tan... a new hair preparation that you comb through the hair after bathing; it encourages the curl to return to your set.

Complaints Dept.

★ Why do so few manufacturers give American shoe fittings? Many English women have the long, slim foot, which requires an American-style shoe, and find the British last too broad for the length and lacking in support. This lack of enterprise is spoiling many women's feet, as well as giving extreme discomfort.



These shoe models are in suede or patent leather (available in American foot fittings). —(London Express Service)

Tanners

★ Sunshine and early holidays bring a new set of make-up problems.

Useful tips include... a smooth protective covering in pale, medium or deep tan, which stays on in water and prevents the skin burning... waterproof lipsticks and mascara for bathing... an eye cream to counteract the little fine lines caused by strong sunlight... a cream to stop a sunburned nose

New White Muskrat Developed

By LLOYD SCHWARTZ

BREEDING of a snowy white Maryland muskrat mutation that may or may not be accomplished by the United States fur animal field station on the Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge near Cambridge, Maryland.

The development, which in a few years conceivably could add an appealing new and moderate-priced fur to the now available fur, has been disclosed by Dr. Herbert L. Dozier in a paper prepared for the Journal of Mammalogy, published by the American Society of Mammalogists. Dr. Dozier is director of the fur animal station where the experiments were conducted.

The new Maryland white, Dr. Dozier's name for the hitherto unrecorded mutation of the muskrat, ranges in colour from a beautiful mottled grey to an almost snowy white. Unlike the albino, it has dark eyes and is, in fact, independent in origin and genetically distinct from the pink-eyed albino.

"Nothing quite comparable has previously been recorded," Dr. Dozier asserted. In the new mutation, the young are a dark Maltese grey with the throat, sides and underparts white. As they develop, the colour becomes lighter so that about the sixth month they are silver-grey. The colour continues to lighten with age.

Breeding Maturity "As breeding maturity approaches, they become varying degrees of smoky-white," Dr. Dozier explained. "By the start of the second breeding year these mutants are entirely white, except for some dark vibrissae and a small area of smoky black hairs situated toward the tip of the nose. The tail and feet have lost nearly all trace of pigmentation."

Average Weight

But the Government experiments have demonstrated that the white muskrat can be developed. Its average weight being 2.27 pounds, or slightly higher than a 2.23-pound average recorded for 4,357 brown adult muskrats of both sexes trapped on the Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge in 1941. Largest of the white mutants was a 3-pound, 3-ounce female.

If the new Maryland white were thought to be of sufficient economic importance, Dr. Dozier said, its occurrence might be increased by selective live-trapping of the marshes where it occurs, pelting ordinary individuals and releasing the light-coloured animals as breeders.

To the ordinary observer, the general coloration of most white muskrats is a mahogany brown ranging in intensity from pale brown to blackish-brown dorsum, the underparts distinctly lighter in colour and with a line of demarcation often quite sharp.

HELEN FOLLETT'S BEAUTY SHOP



Martha Hyer, RKO Radio Star

Correct Posture

CORRECT posture is by no means one of the minor qualities in the composition of beauty. With splendid carriage, an otherwise plain woman becomes distinctive and is lifted out of the ordinary. It seems a pity that this subject does not receive more attention from the average woman. It is a sad fact that a person with perfect posture is seldom seen.

Teachers of physical education are stressing stance as never before. Well they might, as teenagers need help and encouragement along these lines. Tell the sweet young things that fine carriage makes for style and smartness of appearance, and maybe they will listen.

One should learn to stand at ease, have a graceful and correct way of walking. One will have better chances of feeling peppy because good posture has

a vitalising effect upon health. As it permits better circulation of the blood streams, it imparts colouring to the complexion.

By holding the body properly one is less likely to suffer from fatigue. The desk worker and typist must keep this subject in mind.

Never let the spinal column go slack. By pulling it up you pull in the abdominal muscles and, by that contraction, you are likely to hang on to the youthful waistline. When the waistline thickens, the youthful shape has disappeared.

With the proper pose, the weight is so distributed that no undue weight is thrown on any group of muscles. The column that makes up the body is composed of neck, feet, legs, abdomen, chest and head. By keeping the spinal column stretched full length, the chest lifted, head on the level, you will enjoy perfect body balance. You'll have the alert look.

Forehead Lines Evil

NO forehead is justified in exposing itself completely unless the hair line is graceful, the skin surface free of wrinkles. The noble brow that does not qualify is now taking unto itself some hirsute decorations, cute little bangs, plain or curly, cut straight across or maybe on the bias. These fringes go very well with the short cut; they sort of belong. You will even see an occasional single curl, known in the yore-time as a bean catcher. They should never have been called that. The real bean catchers are a girl's pretty eyes.

Time does little damage to foreheads, but women who cannot express surprise without lifting their eyebrows inflict plenty. Those little ditches running from temple to temple are self-made, and more's the pity.

Should it happen that you suspect that lines are on the way, get busy with the contents of a cream jar. Find an emollient that is heavy enough to give resistance to the fingers. Apply it with a rotary motion, working along the furrow from one side to the other.

Frown lines call for a special movement. Place the thumb at lower end, first finger at upper, hold the finger stationary, from upward with the thumb.

When powdering or using a foundation cosmetic, be sure to place it close to the hair line, but not beyond it. Women who leave the pancake application, using a shade darker than their skins, often show pallor there, a condition that does not make for facial neatness.

Getting back to bangs, our first subject, you can apply a wave set lotion, form two or three lines with the fine teeth of the comb and you'll have a fringe with a pretty undulation. Or, you can form several pin curls, comb them out in a soft fall. If the bang is heavy, one can resort to metal curlers. But don't leave them on too long; if you do, the hair will be frizzy.

Successful Home Shampoo

A REAL beauty problem faces the girl with oily hair. The cause of her trouble may be the excessive activity of the sebaceous glands in the scalp or, what is more likely, careless shampooing.

If she washes her hair every week or every ten days and makes a rousing good job of it, chances are her head will not look as if it had been freshly buttered. Every shaft will have lustre, will be apart from its neighbours—instead of glued down to the scalp, and the entire growth will behave in an agreeable manner.

The self-administered shampoo is seldom successful because few girls and women realise that to remove a combination of atmospheric dust and sebaceous oil is no quick-time task. All professional head-washers are not infallible. If there are grey deposits on the teeth of the comb or the bristles of the brush one should know that the shampoo agent

has not been thoroughly removed. If it hasn't, the glorious halo is bound to be gummy and oily.

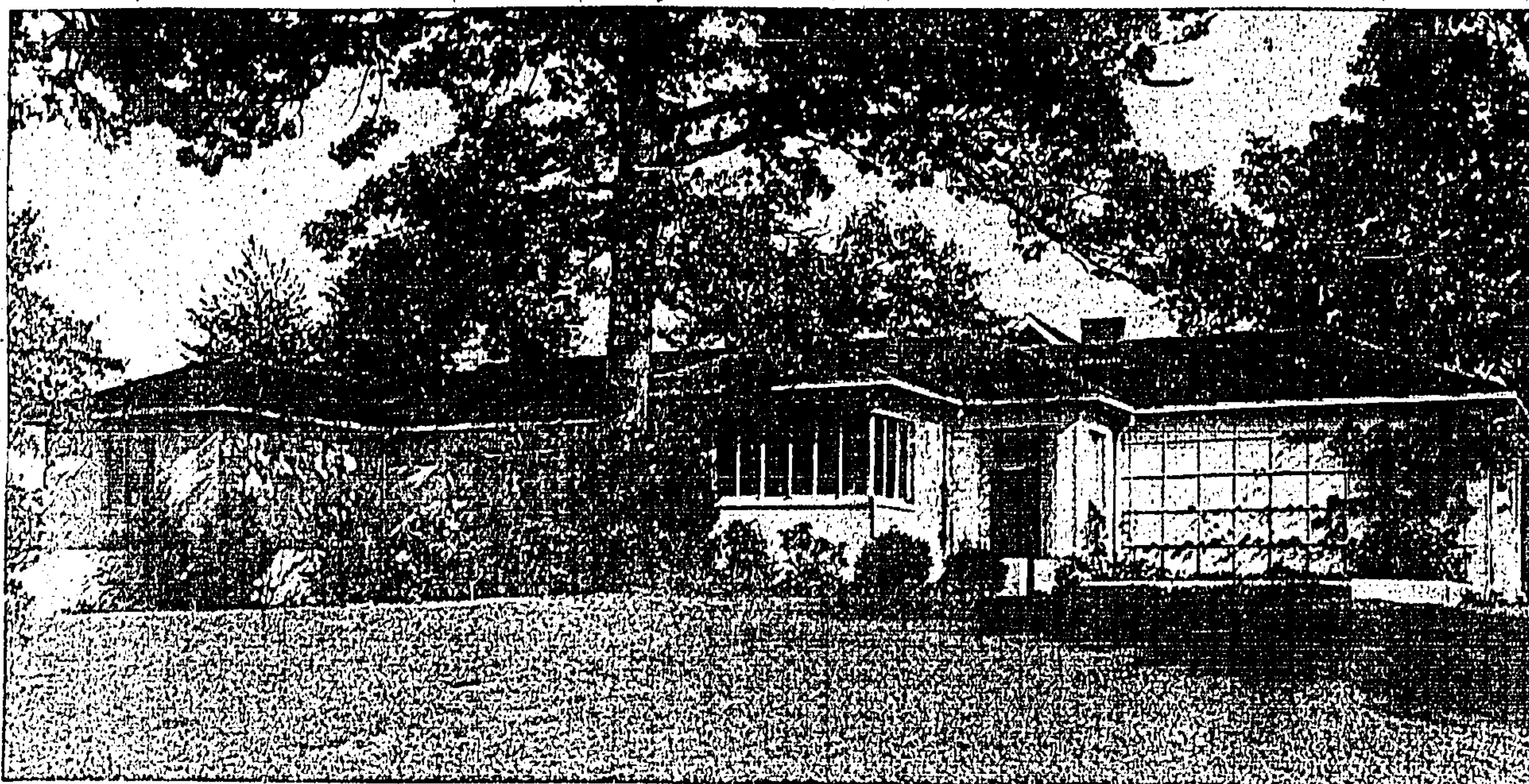
There has never been a time when cosmetic shops had so many shampoo agents on display. With fewer fingerlets and less finger waving, a large number of women who used to march to the beauty shops are doing their own tress-renovating. Let them learn how to do it properly.

If a liquid soap is used, it must be followed to a stiff lather. Three applications are not too many; each one should be followed by a rinsing of fairly hot water flowing from a bath spray. Cream shampoos will sometimes work all right with a single application but, if the hair is heavy and shoulder length, it is better to have two. As with soap, rinsings should be prolonged.

In between shampoos, or when you have a cold, use a dry shampoo.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

LUXURY ON ONE FLOOR



UNUSUALLY ARISTOCRATIC FOR A HOUSE that's all on one floor, this very attractive five-room home gives out a most luxurious feeling of spaciousness. The exterior is

white-painted brick veneer, with a roof of clay shingle tile. The building was erected toward the rear of 4 1/2 corner lot to give maximum opportunity for broad lawns and terraces.

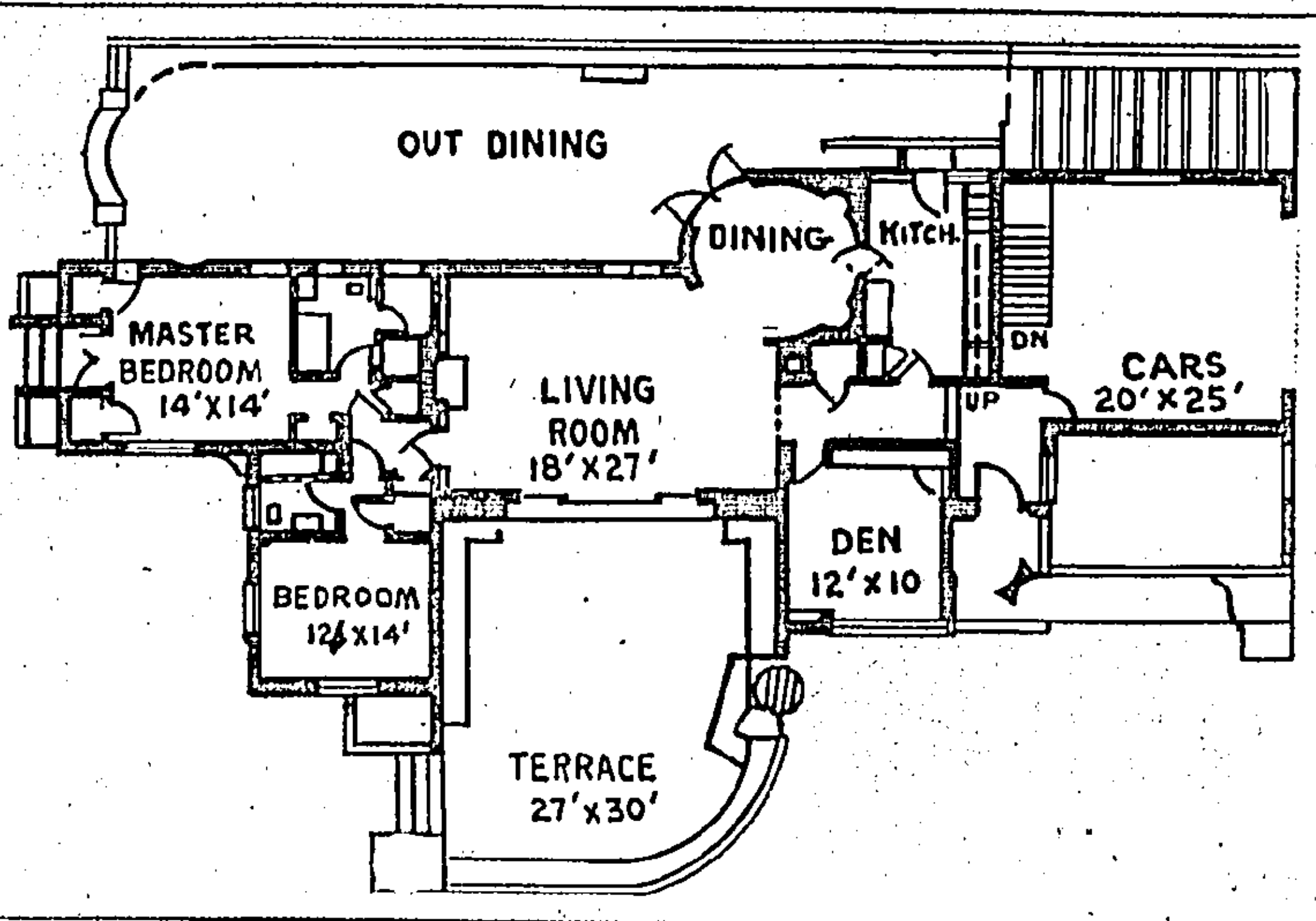
By MARION CLYDE McCARROLL

FOR all those who like the luxury of comfortable living all on one floor, the house above is of definite interest.

Though by no means a large house, it is so planned that it gives a feeling of special spaciousness, while its brick veneer exterior, clay shingle tile roof and steel casement windows lend it an aristocratic and distinctive appearance.

To afford generous space for lawns and gardens, the house was located toward the rear, instead of in the centre of its corner lot, and the surrounding grounds were beautifully landscaped.

Two bedrooms, bath, living room, dining room, den and kitchen make up the interior, with an attached garage at one end. A particularly happy variation on the dining room theme is seen in the circular space allotted for this purpose, which is entered from living room or kitchen and opens, as well, on to a back terrace which can be used for dining in seasonable weather. The broad-windowed den is another provision not too often found in a one-floor home, and adds to the feeling of roominess.



WHILE TECHNICALLY A FIVE ROOM affair, the house virtually has an extra room in the circular dining area arranged at one corner of the living room, while the terraces at front and back provide for outdoor living.

SPRUCING UP THE BATHROOM

By ELEANOR ROSS

TO keep a bathroom clean, it is a good idea to make use of synthetic detergents. A little sprinkled in the tub does a lot to eliminate that old enemy, the bathtub ring. As the powder should be kept close at hand, it is a good idea to invest in one of those decorative metal containers with a pouring spout, for both powder and flakes, picking a colour or design that will harmonise with the colour scheme of the room.

Next, have handy a bathtub brush, say, one of those nice quick-drying, glistening nylon ones. Switch a little cleaner around, use the brush, and in a few moments the tub is clean. If it never is permitted to become really stained and dirty, keeping it clean means but a few moments of work. If there should be rust stains in porcelain enamel surfaces that won't yield to ordinary household cleaners, there are special products made for this purpose.

It is good to lay in a tin of special cleaning agents of this type, so that when there is a stain, it can be removed quickly without a lot of hard work.

Sparkling Mirrors

Keep bathroom mirrors sparklingly bright by giving them a good polish every week. A cake of regular household cleaner or a creamy glass cleaner will do the job in a jiffy. Just use a dampened soft cloth, let dry and then polish. Or use a liquid glass cleaner—just spray it on and polish. No matter how luxurious a bathroom, a streaked or cloudy mirror will spoil the whole effect. And by the same token, bright mirror surfaces will give the simplest bathroom quite an air.

Whether fabric or plastic, get after shower curtains and keep them fresh looking. Get after the family to carefully spread the curtain after use, so that it won't streak. Don't wait until it falls to bits, but invest in a shower curtain when the old one doesn't feel much to freshen. There are such pretty plastic ones available at such reasonable prices that they are in the nature of a bargain.

DOG CARE IN HOT WEATHER

THE hot weather is particularly trying for dogs.

These hot days, be extra particular about keeping your dog's dishes clean. Never leave food on his plate. Scrub off the remains of each meal promptly, and rinse off his dish. Then place it in very hot water and plenty of soap. Rinse well and leave to drain dry.

Change your dog's drinking water several times a day.

Launder his bedding often, both for his comfort and for yours, since it helps to prevent that rather unpleasant "doggy" smell.

While some dogs, especially the very short-haired breeds, only seem to require a once-in-a-while bath, the average dog should be bathed every month during the hot weather, for it helps to prevent unpleasant odours and vermin. A thorough shampoo will work wonders on a dog's coat, but drying is very important, since dogs are susceptible to rheumatism.

Between baths, keep your dog well groomed with regular brushing, washing out the brush and comb after each use with soap and water.

Go over him at regular intervals in search of ticks, whose favourite lurking place is around the neck and the ears.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

It is true economy to buy good knives when you are stocking your kitchen, and to take care of them properly. For a well-equipped kitchen you will need two paring knives, a utility medium-sized knife, a carver, spatula and apple corer. Also handy to have is a curved knife for loosening grapefruit sections, a small cleaver, individual steak knives and a three-piece carving set.

When the kitchen or bathroom drain shows signs of slowing up, try using your vacuum blower on it first. It may clean it out.

Cake For A Special Occasion

By Alice Denhoff

IF you are giving a special summer party, a lawn supper, a birthday party for one of the children or a wedding anniversary party, and you would like to prepare something especially good, top off the refreshments with a Rose Cake. It's a lovely cake, made with cake flour to ensure a downy, light texture, and swirled with a luscious strawberry frosting. The recipe is one of the easy-to-mix kind that uses a minimum of time and utensils.

Before we get to the recipe, here are some hints to help you become an expert cake baker. Careful following of the recipe is essential. This means accurate measurement, exact timing for beating and baking, and control of oven heat.

Cake Flour

The use of cake flour is important, as is the notion of sifting the flour on to a sheet of waxed paper. It is easy to handle this way, there's no extra bowl to wash, and the sheet of paper can be used again. Line the pan with the paper and grease it thoroughly. Let the cake, when finished, stand in the pan for 5 or 10 minutes, then remove from pan to cool on oven rack. Frost the sides of the cake first, after the cake is cool; then frost the top. This makes for a neater, nicer frosting job.

If you are garnishing the cake with nuts or candied fruits, wait until the frosting has started to set, then the trimmings won't slide around. If you are adding shredded coconut, sprinkle it from the box on the pan to cool, then pat it on the sides of the cake. Then sprinkle the coconut thickly over the top.

Room Temperature

To make the cake, start by having the shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two 8-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven at 375 F. Sift flour once before measuring. (All measurements are equal.) Measure into sifted 2 c. sifted cake flour, 2 tsp. double-acting baking powder, 3/4 tsp. salt and one c. plus

2 tbsp. sugar. Measure into mixing bowl 1/3 c. butter or other shortening. Measure into cup 3/4 c. milk and 1 tsp. vanilla. Have ready one egg, unbeaten. (Mix by hand or at low speed of electric mixer.) Stir shortening just enough to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 min. Add egg and beat for just one minute longer, no more, no less. Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often. Turn batter into pans. Bake at 375 F. for 25 minutes or until done.

Spread the strawberry fluff between layers and on top and sides of cake. This cake may also be baked in an 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan at 350 F. 45 to 50 min. Or bake in 9 x 9 x 2-inch pan at 375 F. 25 to 30 min.

To make frosting, combine one unbeaten egg white, 1/2 c. sugar, dash of salt and 1/3 c. sliced strawberries in top of double boiler. Cook as for 7 min. frosting, reducing cooking time to 4 min. Remove from boiling water and beat until cool. Then fold in 1/2 c. additional sliced strawberries. Serve plain.

Favourite Salad

Chicken salad is a tried and true favourite, and this version is really something special. For about six servings, combine one c. sliced or diced ripe banana; and 1/2 c. sliced pineapple. Add 1 1/2 c. sliced cooked chicken, 1/2 c. sliced celery, 1/4 tsp. salt and 2 tbsp. mayonnaise. Mix lightly.

When more solid fare is the order of the day, a sliced ham slice makes a fine appetizer. To serve 6, get 1 1/2 lbs. smoked ham cut one-inch thick. Combine 1/2 c. dark corn syrup, 1/2 c. orange juice and 1 tsp. prepared mustard; pour over ham. Cover and bake in 375 F. oven about 30 min. Uncover, baste in the syrup in the pan, then bake 15 min. longer. Serve with a tossed green salad or moulded tomato aspic slices.



MEET AT THE FAIR—Bobby Weaver, aged four, makes the acquaintance of Robbie the rabbit and Theobald the fish, rubber toys exhibited at the American Toy Fair in New York.

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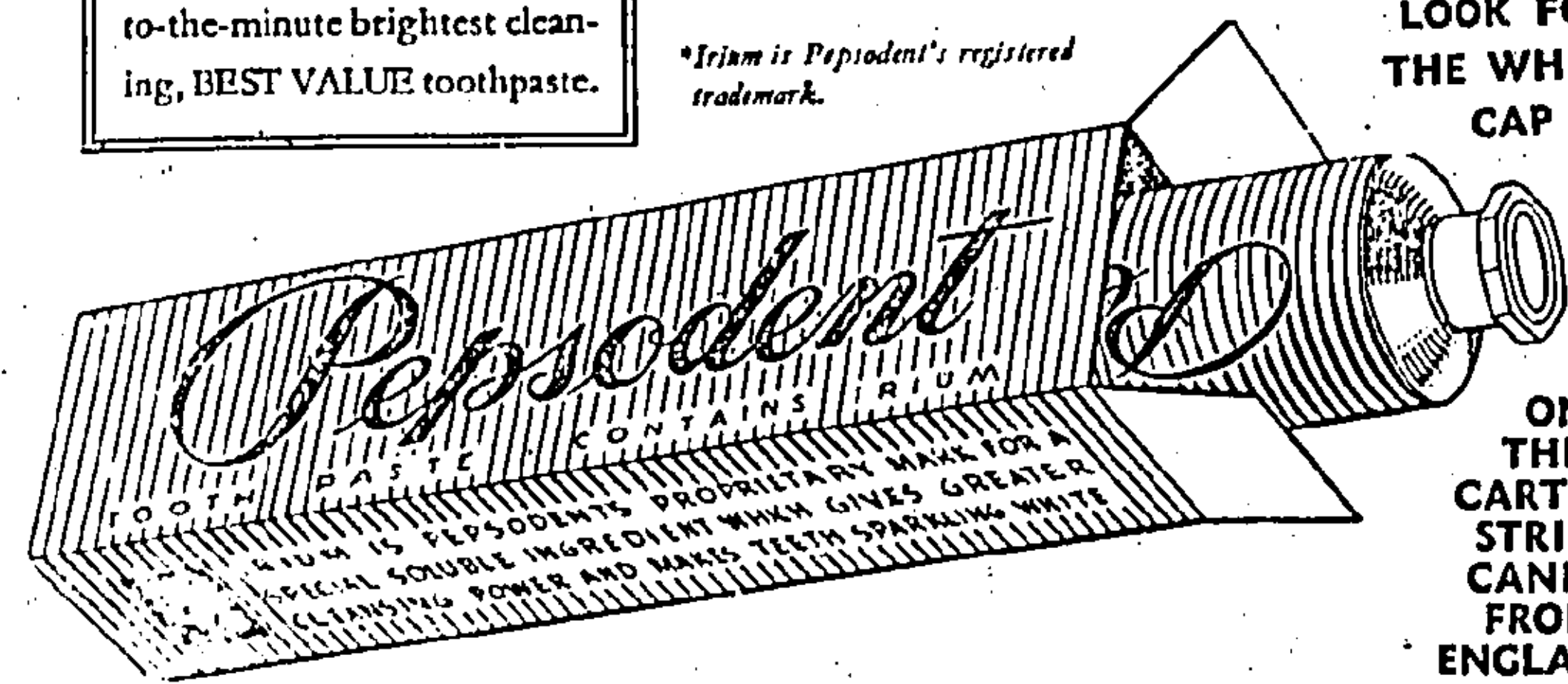
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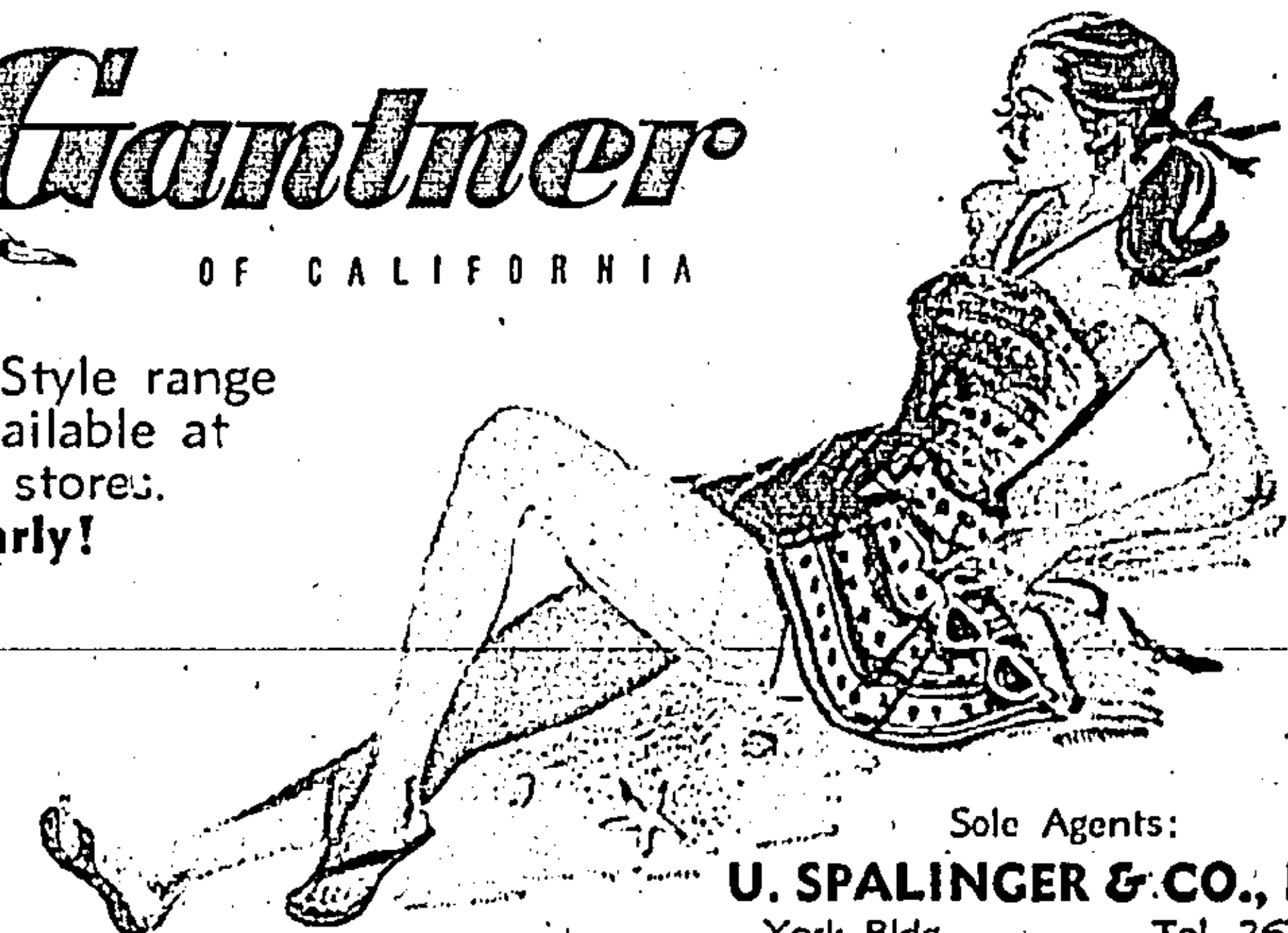
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A WEDDING which attracted wide interest was solemnised at the Catholic Cathedral last Sunday. The parties were Mr Leo Shing, 76-year-old real estate broker, and Miss Young So-ying, 44-year-old teacher. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



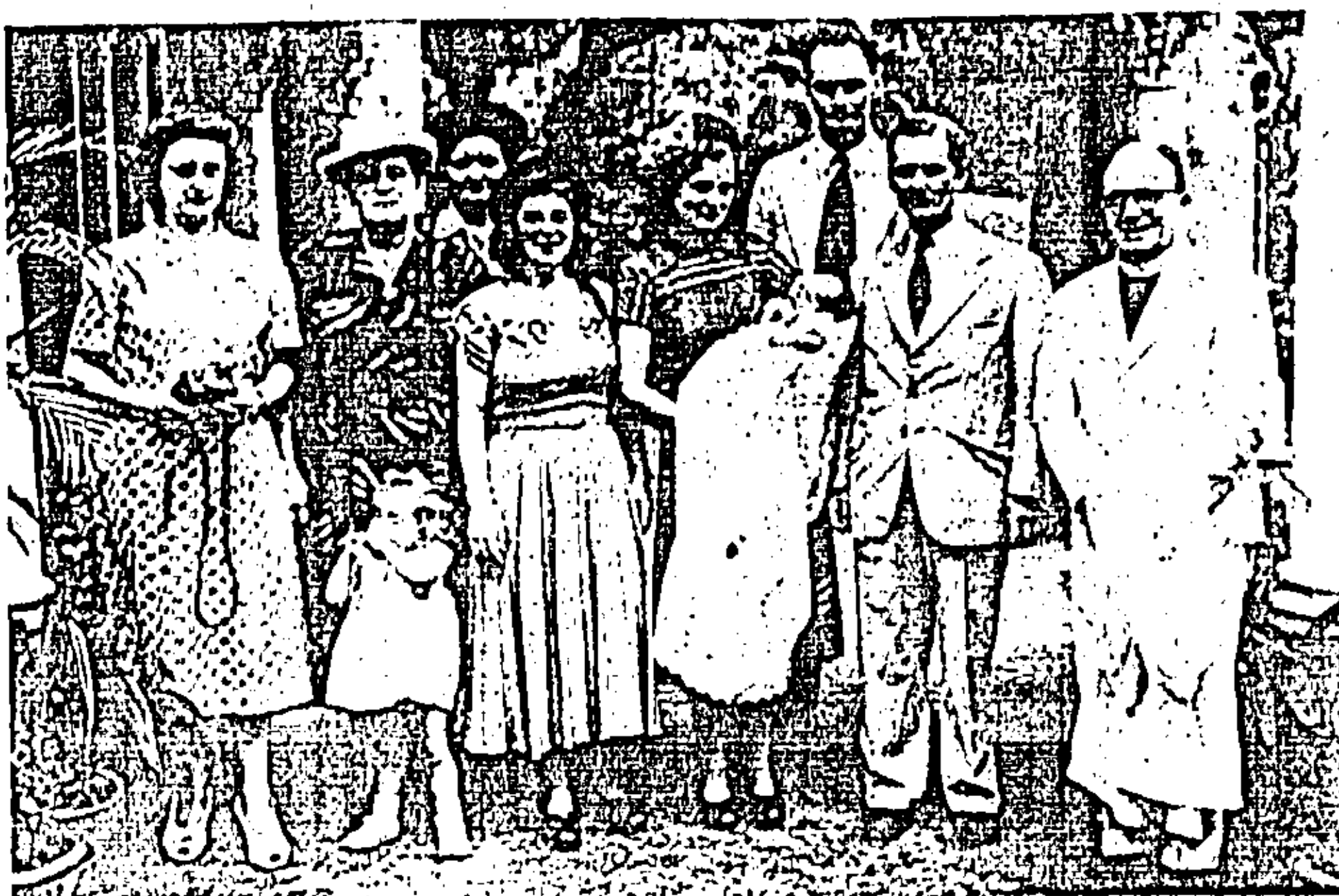
PICTURE taken at St John's Cathedral recently on the occasion of the christening of Harald Theodor, infant son of Mr and Mrs H. H. Westergaard. (Watson-Gainsborough)



A happy gathering of friends of Miss Wanda Rodrigues at the party celebrating her seventeenth birthday recently. (Mainland Studio)



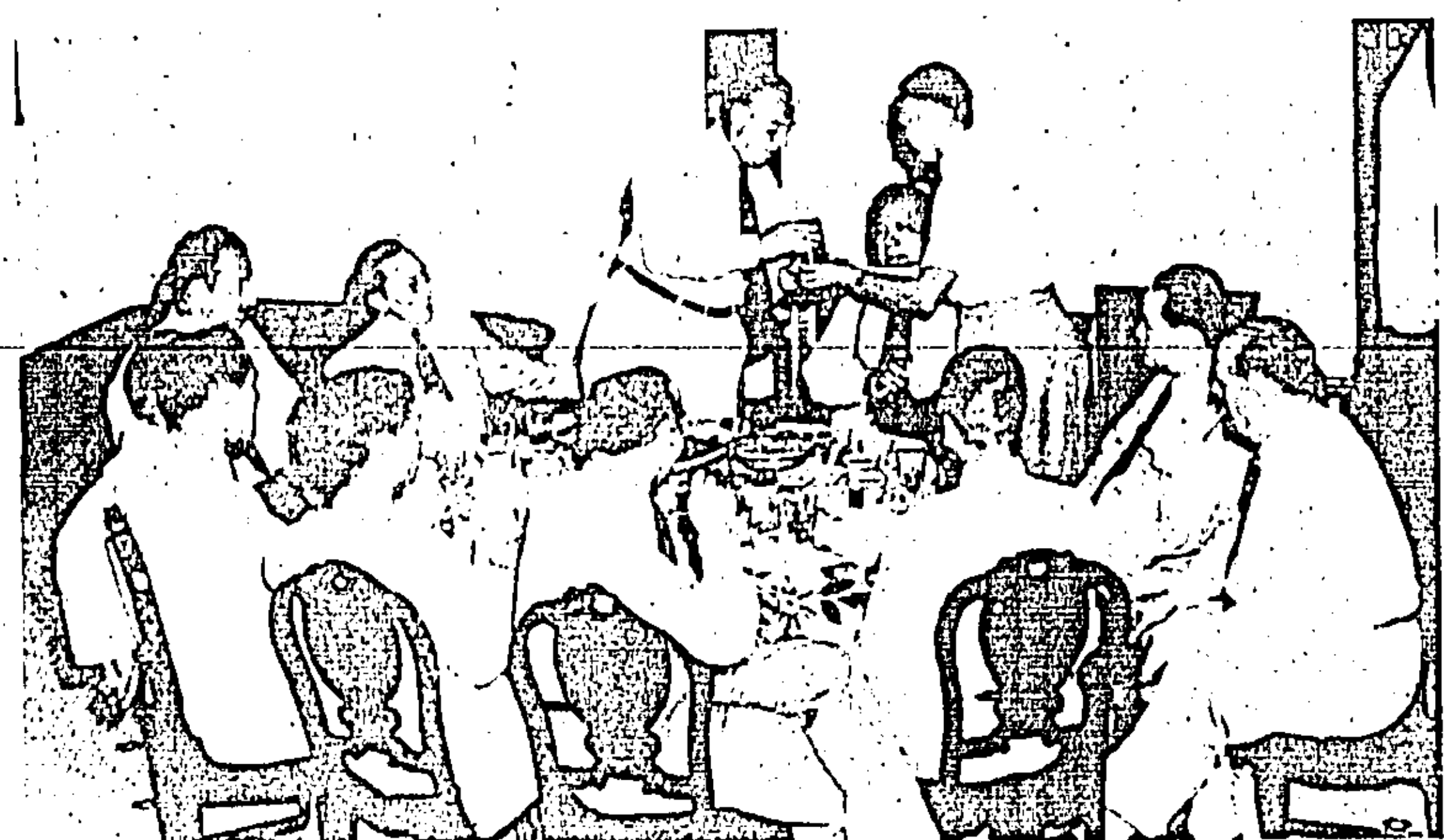
STUDENTS of King George V School played a team from the School's Parents' Association at soccer last Saturday, and won by three goals to two. The players are seen above. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the christening at St Joseph's Church of Patrick John Sheridan, son of Mr and Mrs F. J. Anslow. (King's Studio)



THE annual dance of the Northumberland and Durham Association was held at the Hongkong Hotel last week. Here are seen three parties that attended. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MRS Q. J. Leido (second from right), wife of the candidate for Representative of Mindoro in the Philippine Legislature, who is visiting Hongkong, was entertained by Mr and Mrs Uy Teng-yiu at a party at the Choung Shan Club. (Francis Wu)

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FRIENDS

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MANILA
DARWIN
SYDNEY

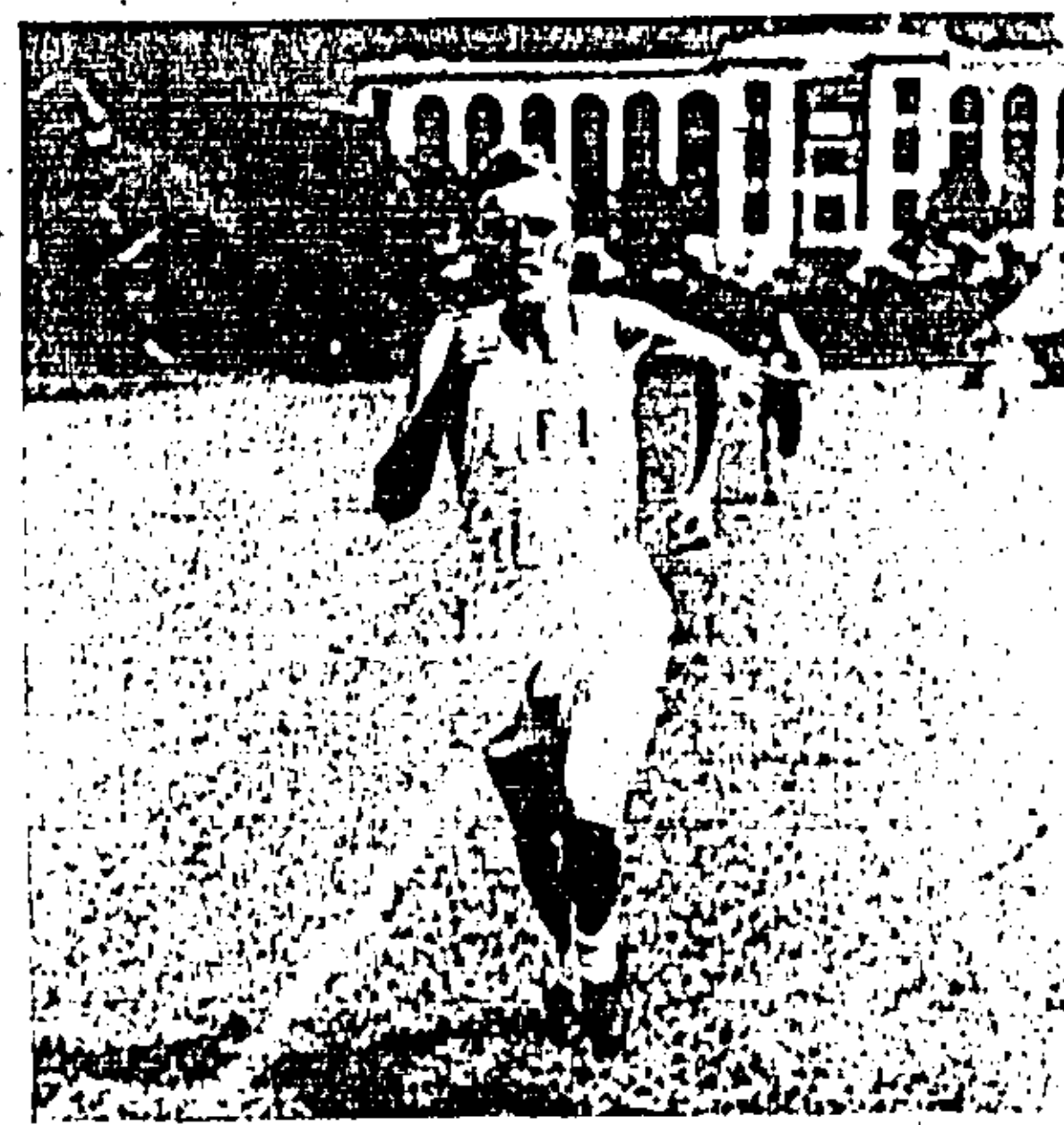
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MR F. C. Barry (standing, left), managing director of the Hongkong and Shanghai Hotels, Ltd., receiving from Mr A. Sommerfelt a gold watch presented by the staff of the company prior to his going on home leave. The presentation was made at a dinner at the Ying King Restaurant. (Roy Tsang)



THE Elliot Hall basketball team, winners of the Hongkong University inter-hostel championship. (Ming Yuen)



GUNNER Kizwell winning the mho at the Land Forces sports at Sookunpoo on Wednesday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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Extracts from 'THE WOODEN HORSE,' the most astonishing escape story of all time

'Haunted by the fear that all eyes are watching us'

Police search our train: A lucky escape:
We reach a Baltic port and
hunt for a place to sleep

In October 1943, Peter Howard, John Clinton, and Philip Rowe escaped from the German prison camp Stalag Luft III, after digging a 120ft. tunnel through which they crawled to freedom. Then they separated. Philip Rowe—Flight-Lieutenant Oliver Philpot, D.F.C., M.C.—went on alone, posing as a commercial traveller, and reached Sweden and safety. Peter and John were disguised as French craftsmen. They carried forged papers giving them permission to move to a works near Stettin, a port, on the Baltic coast. Travelling by train, in stages, they reached the small town of Kustrin, and have just eaten their first meal in a German cafe.

by ERIC WILLIAMS, M.C.
[The "Peter Howard" of the story]

"WHAT do we do now?" John asked. "Better not stay here. Let's walk round the town."

But it was worse in the street. Everyone seems to have something to do except us, Peter thought. It is getting on my nerves trying to look inconspicuous with nothing to do.

They tried looking into shop windows, but all the time the feeling of being watched grew more acute.

"I hate this town," John said. They walked towards the cinema, there was a queue, and they joined it.

It was not a comfortable cinema and most of the seats were broken. Peter found himself next to a young soldier who sat sleeping.

So he, too, fell asleep until John awakened him when it was time to go for the train to Stettin.

At the station John felt conspicuous as he asked for the tickets.

Stettin was a Baltic port, a dangerous destination to ask for.

The clerk demanded his papers.

"Your permission to travel?" John handed over his forged letters. [These letters, forged in the prison camp, were his authority as a worker to go to his firm's factory at Anklam, near Stettin]. He tried to imagine he was buying a ticket in England.

The clerk picked up the papers and glanced at them casually. "Gut!" He handed over the tickets.

John took the tickets and his papers and walked away from the ticket office. He could hardly believe it. It had been as easy as that.

A SCARE 'Tickets, please'

THE train was full, and they had to stand in the corridor.

There were no lights and the corridor was so packed that it would have been impossible for a ticket collector to move down it.

It was a strain to stand, surrounded by Germans, doing nothing, frightened all the time that they were about to be discovered.

It was in the trains, when they could neither move nor speak that they had time to think.

An hour later they stopped at a large station. Most of the passengers got out and some went to a buffet.

Peter and John were hungry and thirsty, but they stayed in the darkness of the railway carriage rather than brave the lights of the buffet.

Now the train was less crowded. They were able to sit on their bags in the corridor, and before long they were both asleep.

They were awakened by the sound of shouting—the typical bullying shouts of a German who has been given authority.

It was the ticket collector, and with him were two of the railway police.

John got the tickets ready and watched them work their way down the corridor, inspecting tickets as they came.

In most cases the ticket collector merely handed the tickets back to the passengers, but occasionally he asked for identity papers, which were examined by the police.

Here we go, Peter thought. He glanced at John, who sat white-faced and silent at his side.

Next to him sat an old woman. As the men approached she showed obvious signs of panic.

By the time the collector reached her she was almost crying with fear.

"Tickets, please," the collector shouted.

The old woman fumbled in her bag. The ticket collector stood waiting. She produced a grimy piece of paper. The man handed it back angrily and shouted again.

She said nothing, but continued to offer the grimy piece of paper.

"Police!" the collector screamed.

TO STETTIN Through barrier

ONE of the police shook her roughly by the arm and began to push her down the corridor.

Peter could hear her whimpering protests as she was roughly jostled down the corridor.

The ticket collector turned to John, who handed over their tickets and waited apprehensively for the demand for their papers.

The collector glanced at the tickets and handed them back without speaking.

Peter sat on his bag in the corridor when they had gone and broke out in a cold sweat. His knees shivered and he felt sick.

They had passed the first train check. The old woman had saved them. He prayed that their luck would hold.

Just before eight o'clock they went into the lavatory and made some porridge.

Peter opened his case and took out a linen bag of dry oatmeal and a small tin. He mixed the oatmeal with water from the tap and handed the tin to John. "I hope the water's all right," he said. "We should have brought some purifying tablets."

"There's a lot of things we should have brought. We'll get by. It's a cinch now. We've done half the journey."

John was feeling happy now and full of confidence.

Before long they steamed into Stettin station.

There were more people on the train than Peter had thought, and the two were swept towards the barrier by the crowd.

BOMBED CITY 'Pretty good mess'

JOHN pushed forward to see if there was a paper check. He looked back at Peter and grinned.

The passengers were handing in their tickets and passing off their papers.

A quick tightening of the stomach muscles as they came under the lamp—a moment's panic—and they were through the barrier and free to go into the town.

As they came out of the railway station it was raining. "We've got to find shelter of some sort," John buttoned the collar of his mackintosh. "Let's try the hotels. We'd better get in somewhere before midnight. There may be a curfew for foreigners."

"It's Saturday night," Peter was still doubtful about the hotels. "We haven't much hope of getting in." "We'll have to try," John said.

They walked quickly down the street, past the shells of bombed buildings, gaunt and forbidding in the darkness. There were piles of rubble in the streets, and the pavements were broken where the bombs had fallen.

"Pretty good mess, what?" Peter said. "I wonder if any hotels are still standing? We could sleep in one of these bombed-out houses."

"Too risky. They might think we were looting. Get shot for that in Germany."

It was dark and strangely quiet. "I hope there isn't a curfew," Peter said. "We can explain that we've just come off the train—though I can't see what reason we can give for getting off here instead of going straight on to Anklam."

"You can say that as it's Sunday tomorrow we thought the factory would be closed. And we thought it would be better to stay here for the week-end and go on to Anklam on Monday."

They stopped outside an imposing stone building with mahogany revolving doors. John pushed his way through the doors. Peter followed, feeling suddenly dispirited. A n.d. ashamed of his appearance.

The carpets were too deep, the air of solid German respectability too strong. He caught John by the arm.

"Let's get out of this," he whispered.

He moved quickly towards the swing doors. John, infected by the sudden panic in Peter's voice, moved with him.

TRY AGAIN But no use

OUT they went quickly through the swing doors into the darkness of the street. "What the hell's the matter?" John asked.

"I don't know. I don't like it. Let's try somewhere else."

"For Heaven's sake!" John said. "What was wrong with it?"

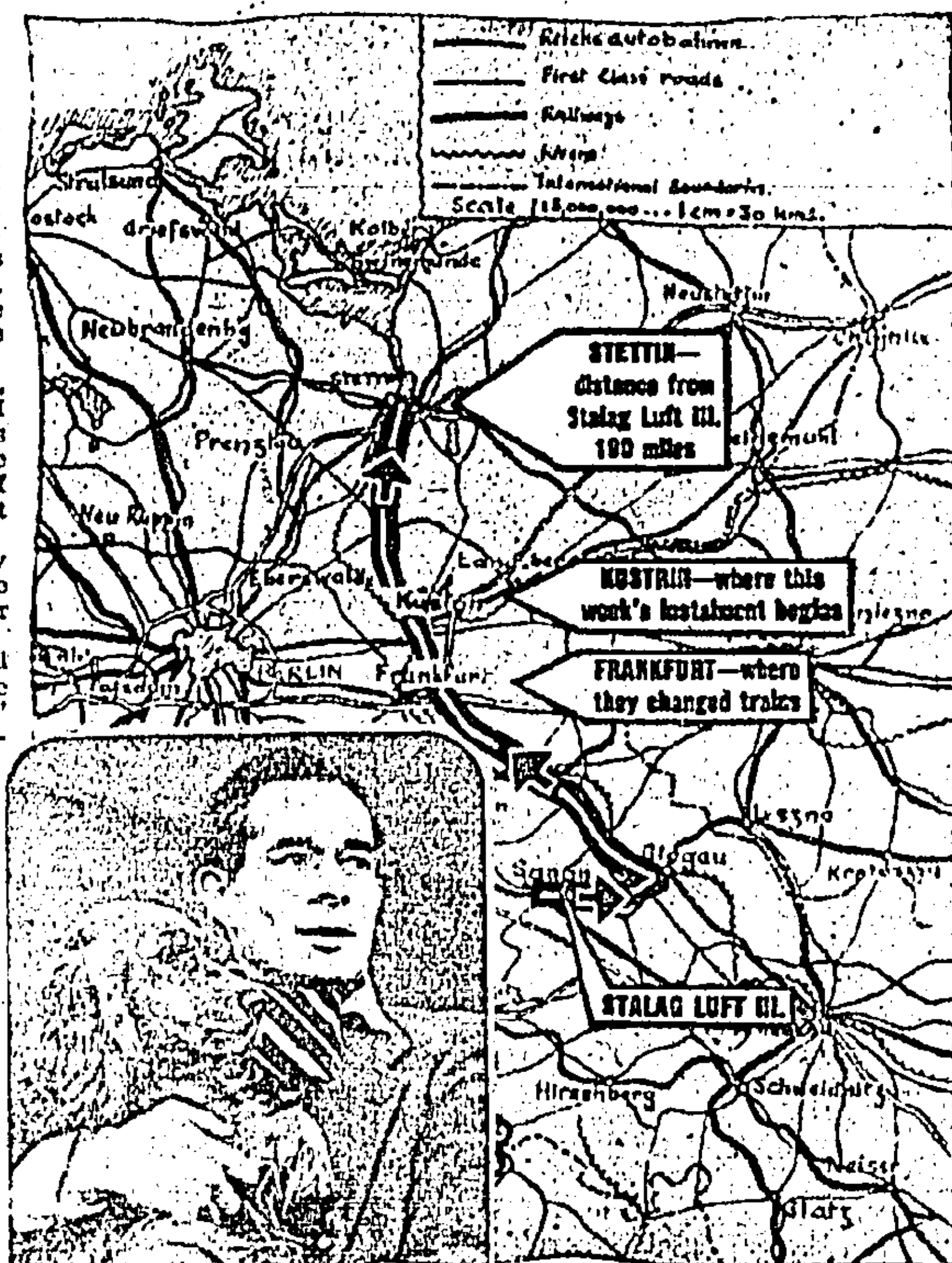
"I don't know—it seemed wrong somehow. It didn't seem the sort of place foreign workers would stay at. Let's try somewhere else."

"But we can't walk round all night looking for hotels," John said.

They walked on down the street until they came to a smaller building with a dimly illuminated sign which read "Hotel."

John walked in and Peter followed. The lobby had linoleum and smelled of disinfectant.

This is the map used by the two men on their escape. It was sent from Britain and smuggled into Stalag Luft III



John Clinton, who in real life is Michael Cogner, M.C., now an undergraduate at Oxford

In one corner was a box for the night porter. Empty.

"I'll go upstairs," John said.

Peter followed him, not wanting to be left to cope with his lack of German without John.

On the floor above was a landing. Opening off the landing were several doors.

One was open. There were beds in the room, beds standing in rows, and orderly, as in a barrack room.

"This is no good," Peter said.

He led John quickly down the stairs and out on to the street.

"What the hell..." John began, but Peter went on down the street.

"That was too cheap," he said. "It was a sort of doss-house."

"What if it was? It's a bed and it's dry."

"They're likely to ask questions in a place like that. It's too cheap. They're likely to have police checks and God knows what."

"It's the sort of place they look for deserters in. We want a more expensive place." He was shivering.

"You said that last place was too expensive. We can't afford to be choosy."

"We've got to be choosy. That's just what we've got to be if the place is too cheap it's dangerous because it's liable to police checks—and it's too luxurious it's dangerous because we're conspicuous."

"We've got to find a quiet, respectable family hotel."

"Then we'd better ask a policeman," John said angrily.

"We might do worse than that."

"Don't be bloody silly!"

SLEEP OUT Town full-up

THEY were both angry now. Angry and tired, frightened and wet to the skin.

Angry and bewildered because they hadn't imagined it would be like this; angry because they were suddenly without a plan.

Presently they were walking along the main street towards the centre of the town. They had tried several more hotels, but they were all full.

"It's no good," John said at length. "It's Saturday night. Let's walk out of the town and find somewhere to sleep."

"O.K." Peter said it with relief.

NEXT WEEK We meet the 'underground'

London Express Service

Cloak And Dagger To Politics

SYDNEY.—A one-time Sunday school teacher who won high awards for cloak and dagger work as a wartime spy in Occupied France, will oppose Dr H. V. Evatt for a Parliamentary seat in the next Federal election.

She is Mrs Nancy Wales, 38, widow of a Frenchman shot by the Nazis, holder of the Croix de Guerre with Palms and Star, Britain's George Medal, and Medal of Freedom with Bronze Palm.

An unknown in Australian politics, Mrs Wales surprised the nation when she was endorsed as the candidate of the conservative Liberal Party to oppose the former president of the UN General Assembly in elections late this year.

Prewar she worked as a clerk in Sydney. In 1937 she went to England. In 1939 she married Henry Eileen, a steel company executive, and went to Marston to live. When Franco fell, they decided to stay.

For two years, she and her husband risked their lives countless times to smuggle British soldiers and airmen back to England. The British intelligence service sent her, providing her with unlimited money to buy on the black market. She would shop for hidden airmen with up to £500 in her pocket.

For five months Mrs Wales operated the only shortwave transmitter in France, carrying it in a conspicuously bulky suitcase on trains to different sending spots.

When a French traitor betrayed the organisation, she and four men jumped from a train for their lives and ran through fields with bullets flying about their ears.

They finally escaped to England, where Mrs Wales heard her husband had been shot.

In England she was trained as a saboteur, including instruction in killing men silently, then parachuted into France. Second time she flew in by Lysander plane and the third time, returned as Lieutenant to begin training Maquis.

Her George Medal citation of the time reads: "Lieutenant Wales took part in several engagements with the enemy, and showed the utmost bravery under fire. During a German attack due to the arrival of two American officers to help the Maquis, she personally took command of a section of 10 men whose leaders were demoralised. She led them to within point blank range of the enemy, directed their fire, rescued the two American officers, and withdrew in good order. She showed exceptional courage and coolness in the face of enemy fire."

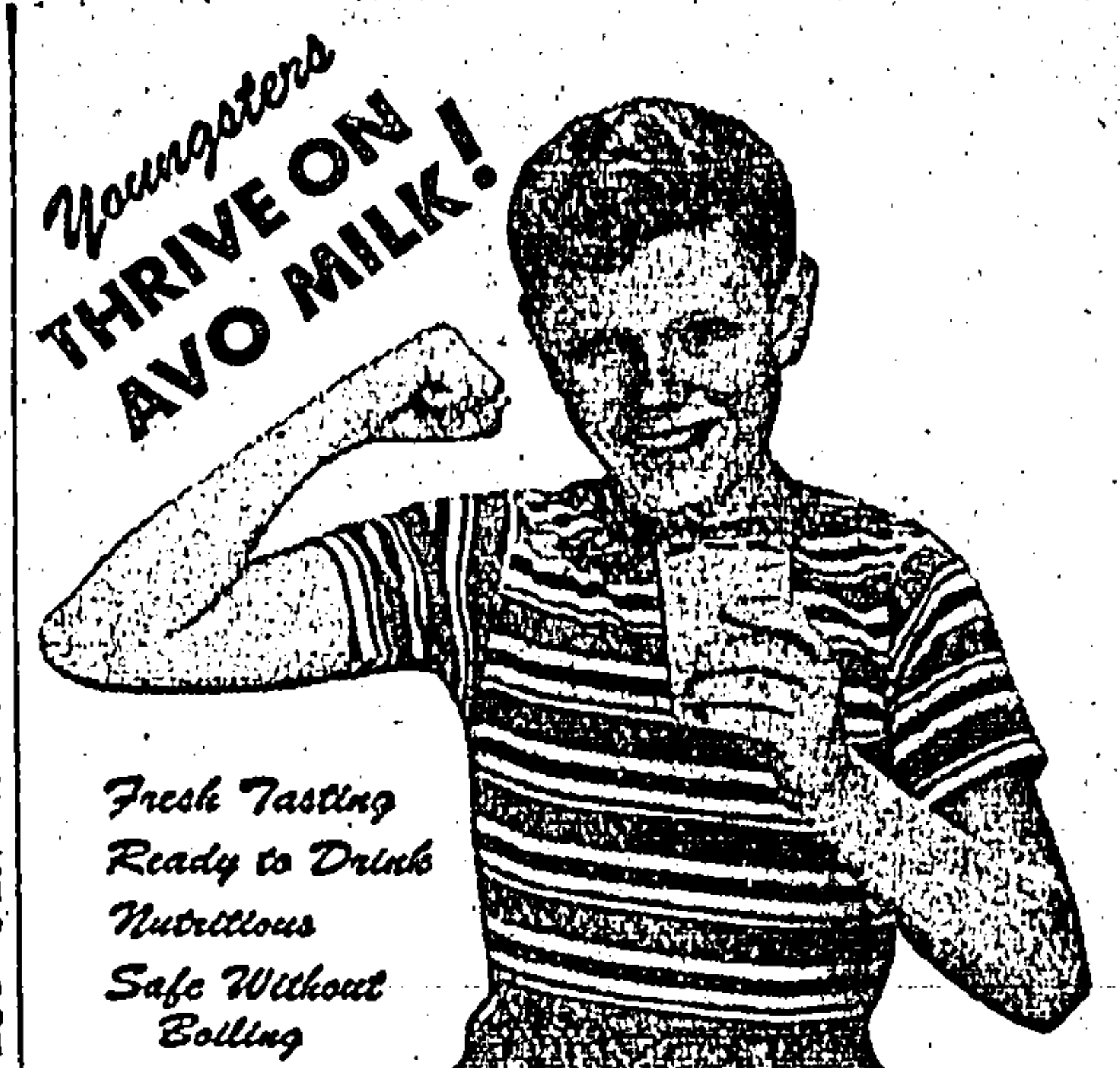
"Lt. Wales' organising ability, endurance, courage and complete disregard for her own safety earned her the respect and admiration of all. The Maquis troops, most of them rough and difficult to handle, accepted orders from her, and treated her as one of their own male officers."

She gave her reasons for entering politics against the doubly hated: "On my return to Australia I've seen exactly the same sort of things happening here as caused all the trouble in Germany and Europe."

She charged that there "was a gradual gathering together of controls, centralisation of power in the hands of a few power-hungry fanatics."

She claims that "a few people in Australia have actually set out to rule the country without Parliament, certainly without taking proper notice of the Opposition."

United Press.



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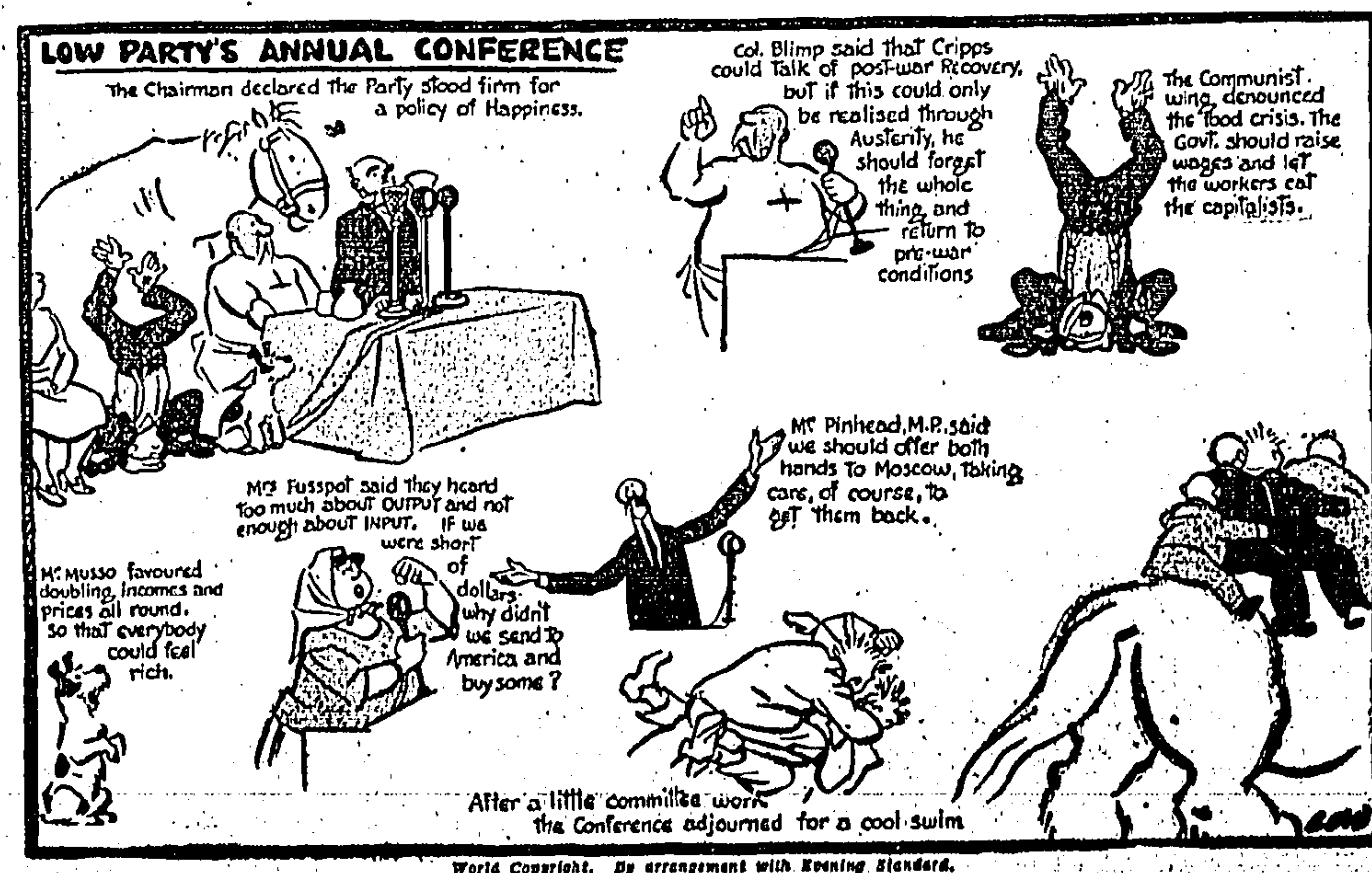
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DAB and FLOUNDER
by WALTERThe ABC of anarchy
in modern art

THE MARCH OF THE MODERNS. By William Gaunt. Cape. 12s. 6d. 319 pages.

THE famous banquet to Custom-house Officer Rousseau is rightly regarded as an historic event in the modernist movement in art. Historic for the personalities it brought together, for its eccentric happenings and for its purpose.

This, characteristically enough, was half-derivative, half-serious, a tribute from the most extravagantly sophisticated poets and artists in Paris to a dignified old gentleman who had served as a sergeant in the war of '70, held a small post in the Paris toll-house, taught elocution and painted funny pictures.

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

To Jarry, and his friends, Rousseau was something more than a little man who amused himself with a paintbrush. He was a Primitive Man himself!

poser, Russolo, finished in a riot. The audience, protesting against the screaming and booming of the Orchestra was attacked from the stage.

Marinetti, the Futurist poet, recorded with satisfaction that, while the Futurists had only a revolt, or two, of the audience were wounded. And he but known it, it was the first of the war communiques.

Devon), and the marshes of New Jersey. The ships that sail, the fish that lurk and the birds that hunt. Above all, the sanity and strength of the men who sail, fish, shoot and idle, preferring that life to everything comprised in theme number two, which is—

The American which is being run and ruined, pillaged, made over and defiled by greedy tycoons, corrupt politicians and the vast hordes of uncaring neocromera.

THE story is laid in the period of the Teapot Dome scandal and the shameful presidency of Warren Harding. Roosevelt is still a long way off.

Parson celebrates both the vanishing America of the little reports and their independent-minded people, and also the eternal America of the strangely beautiful coastline and the enormous inland distances which the scream of a train-whistle in the night can touch to wild poetry.

He writes of these realities with the crisp accomplishment of the professional, the man who knows his job and has worked out an effective formula of narration. It is the writing of a modern, disgruntled American male brooding with love and dislike over his country.

PARSON makes it into a novel by introducing the good old melodramatic motive, the love between a man and a woman who, to their horror, find out—or think they find out—that they are brother and sister.

If Anna Regan's vicious old mother had not told her that the father of her lover, Doc Grey, was her father too, then Anna would not have submitted to the salubrious Yundell Greer would not have departed in disgust to roam the American seas and hide himself from mankind. And Fenner, who tells the story, would not have tried to get Anna for himself.

THERE is, as you may suspect, something flimsy in this tale of tangled loves (untangled in the end). The heart of the book is elsewhere—in page after page of taut, sullen prose all but encrusted with the salt of the Atlantic wind, and alive with nostalgia: "I'd like to wade out into the creamy surf off the Carolina sands and use that fine snakewood rod again."

That is almost Parson's last sentence. It might be his text. (London Express Service)

George Malcolm Thomson reviews a new book and finds in it a passage "among the finest pieces of descriptive writing the war has given us."

The London Of The Blitz

THE HEAT OF THE DAY. By Elizabeth Bowen. Cape. 9s. 6d. 319 pages.

YOU will find it hard to believe that Robert, Stella's lover, is really a traitor to his country. Stella would not love that sort of man. You will scarcely be convinced by the perfunctory reasons he gives for this nonconformity.

But how gladly you will put your incredulity to sleep, as in page after page of exquisitely cadenced writing, Elizabeth Bowen evokes her characters and her scenes, the moods of the one and the evanescent feelings of the other.

Her setting is the embattled London of late 1940. It is one London, conjured up and set before us in moving and majestic prose. There can surely be no Londoner, especially a middle-aged Londoner, who will read pages 85 to 87 of this novel without seeing, feeling, more than that poignant, lovely autumn when one world lay in rubble and another was still deep, deep in the dark, unhelpful womb of time.

This must be among the finest pieces of descriptive writing that the war has given us. But form your own opinion. By permission of the publisher, an extract appears below for your pleasure. Read.

This novel is not only prolific in the kind of writing that penetrates the world of senses with intimations from another kind of life. It has, too, many delicious instances of Elizabeth Bowen's unimpaired, penetrating insight into character.

In fact, if one could only believe that Robert was a traitor...

Quote:

This is the passage praised above:

THEY had met one another, at first not very often, throughout the heady autumn of the first London air raids. Never had any season been more felt; one bought the poetic sense of it with the sense of death.

All through London, the roplings-off of dangerous tracts of street made islands of exalted if stricken silence, and people crowded against the ropes to admire the sunny emptiness on the other side.

Parks suddenly closed because of time-bomb drifts of leaves in the empty deck chairs, birds aloft on the dazzlingly

silent lakes—presented, between the railings which still kept them, mirages of repose. All this was held each morning more light-headedly; sleeplessness disembodyed the lookers-on.

In reality there were no holidays, few were free however light-heartedly to wander. The night behind and the night to come met across every noon in an arch of strain.

To work or think was to ache. In offices, factories, ministries, shops, kitchens the hot yellow sands of each afternoon ran out slowly; fatigue was the one reality.

You dared not envisage sleep. Apathetic, the injured and dying in the hospitals watched light change on walls which might faint tonight.

Those rendered homeless at where they had been sent; or, worse, with the obstinacy of animals retraced their steps to look for what was no longer there.

Most of all, the dead, from mortuaries, from under catnaps of rubble, made their anonymous presence—not as today's dead but as yesterday's living—felt through London.

Unaccounted, they continued to move in shadows through the city days, pervading everything to be seen or heard or felt with their torn-off senses, drawing on this tomorrow they had expected—for death cannot be so sudden as all that.

These unknown dead re-proached those left living not by their death, which might any night be shared, but by their unknownness, which could not be mended now.

Who had the right to mourn them, not having cared that they had lived?

So, among the crowds still eating, drinking, working, travelling, halting, there began to be an instinctive movement to break down indifference while there was still time.

The wall between the living and the living became less solid as the wall between the living and the dead thinned.

In that September transparency people became transparent, only to be located by the just darker flicker of their hearts.

Strangers saying "Good-night, good luck" to each other at street corners, as the sky first blanched then faded with evening, each hoped not to die that night, still more not to die unknown.

(London Express Service)

STAMP NOTES

THE French post office has announced several commemorative stamps to be issued this year. The themes to be used include: Franco-American friendship, the movement for a united Europe, the centenary of the French postage stamp, the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Universal Postal Union, and the International Telegraph and Telephone Congress to be held in Paris. The 17- & T set will comprise five stamps and will honour (1) Claude Chappé, (2) André Marie Ampère and Dominique François Arago, (3) Baudot, (4) Gen. Ferric and (5) Alexandre-III Bridge and the Pott-Palais.

BYSSINIA intends to commemorate the fifth anniversary of its liberation from Italian occupation with the issuance of five stamps on May 5.

DENMARK will honour the centenary of the Danish Government with a new postage on June 5. The denomination of the stamp will be 20 ore, but the design and colour have not yet been announced.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA is gradually withdrawing all its current stamps, most of which bear the head of former President Eduard Beneš, and replacing them with portraits of four men who were killed during the occupation of the country. These honorees will be: Jan Šverma, Communist partisan; Julius Fucik, journalist; Janko Jesensky, writer; and Vladimír Vancura, novelist. The Czech post office also announces the issuance of a single commemorative stamp to honour Lenin on the 25th anniversary of his death.

In addition, the first anniversary of the "February events" or Communist control of the country, produced four stamps; one for the event itself, one for industry, one for agriculture and one for science and art.

CUBA honours Gen. Antonio Maceo, revolutionary leader, with a set of eight stamps for the 100th anniversary of his birth. The values and colours are: 1-cent green; 2c red; 5c blue-gray; 8c black and brown; 10c brown and green; 20c blue-gray and red; 50c red and black; and the 1 peso black and purple.

Cuba's tobacco industry forms the background for another new set of three stamps. The 1-cent green shows the country's tobacco harvest; the 2c red has Cuba, in the guise of a woman, holding the national flag and a box of cigars; while the 5c blue pictures a cigar and the shield of Cuba.

FROM HERE AND THERE:

The Green Eye Was Only A Watch Face

CAPTOWN: Hunters returned from Northern Zululand tell a strange story of an accident to one of their party. They were gathered round the camp fire to listen to an old Zulu guide telling a story of the valley in which they were encamped. He said it was haunted by an evil spirit with one green eye. Later during the night an impenetrable member of the party awoke in the darkness to find himself looking at a small green light. Thinking of the Zulu story teller's spirit, he took fright, pulled out his revolver from under the pillow and shot a luminous watch off his companion's wrist.

Want A Name

NEW YORK: Some Americans went to Washington recently to ask if they could now please be called Americans. They were the direct descendants of the earliest known Americans, the Minnesota Red Indians. They travelled by sleeping car instead of on horseback, and wore blue serge suits instead of feathers. Their spokesman was Lyzene Savage with the un-Hollywood title of Executive Secretary to the Cheppewa Tribe. His opening speech: "Gentlemen, We are the only

Americans who are barred by Federal law from buying a drink. It is not a matter of a drink, gentlemen, it is the principle of the thing. We want to be recognized as full American citizens." Actually, explained Mr. Savage, the Indian gets his drinks. He has caught up with some of the white men's customs sufficiently to be able to find himself a bootlegger. The Johnny-come-lately Americans in Congress promised to think about it.

No 'Chute

SYDNEY: A former paratrooper, acting on an impulse, dived head first through a window of a tall motor travelling at 25 m.p.h. between Talwood and Goodwindi, Queensland. He told the train crew later that since the end of the war he had felt a powerful urge to jump head first from "fast-moving vehicles. The man was knocked unconscious when he hit the ground, but was otherwise uninjured. The guard, who stopped the train when he saw the man's feet disappearing through the window, soon revived him.

The Queen Is Dead

NEW YORK: The Queen of Diamonds is dead, Mabel Ball, who won the title by wearing

diamonds worth £250,000 at night clubs and society parties, died of a stroke in a New York mental hospital. She was 54.

Daughter of a bartender she wanted to be the first woman to fly the Atlantic and offered airmen £2,500 to fly her across. She got as far as Newfoundland. Married for six months to Count Voleslov de Proer in 1935, she was married in 1940 to her fifth husband, Theodore Cella. George Charlton, a spurned French dancer, shot himself outside her house but recovered.

Wot! No Parcels!

HOLLYWOOD: Fan letters, as far as a film star is concerned, are classified as business letters. Neighbours of Roy Rogers, the cowboy star, complained to the North Hollywood zoning authorities that so many postmen kept delivering fan-mail to the Rogers household that they could not rest. The Board ruled that the Rogers were breaking rules by receiving business letters at a private address and gave them sixty days to find a new address!

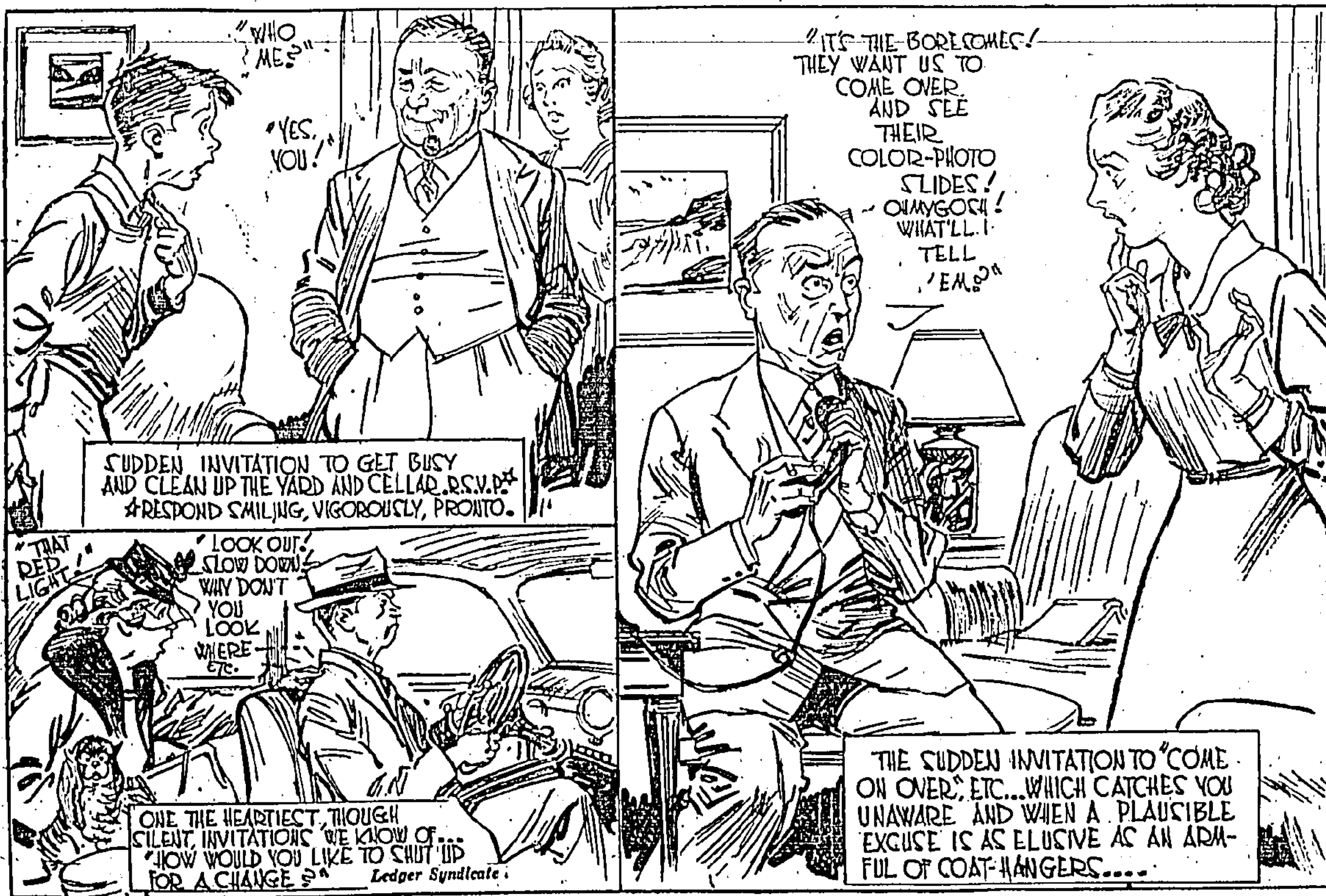
Overlooked

KINGSTON—Jamaica police after a six-months' search for a man wanted for murder, found him in one of their own lockups, gaoled for stealing a goat.

THE SONS OF NOAH.
By Negley Farson. Col-lanz. 12s. 6d. 317 pages.

THE main theme of this big, untidy, uncomfortable novel is simple enough: The grandeur and glory of the eastern seaboard of the United States; in particular, Chesapeake Bay, Delaware Bay, the Hatteras Banks (where they still speak, and act, Elizabethan

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

"Unexpected Invitations"
BY KEMP STARRETT

SPORTS

STORIES

PUZZLES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

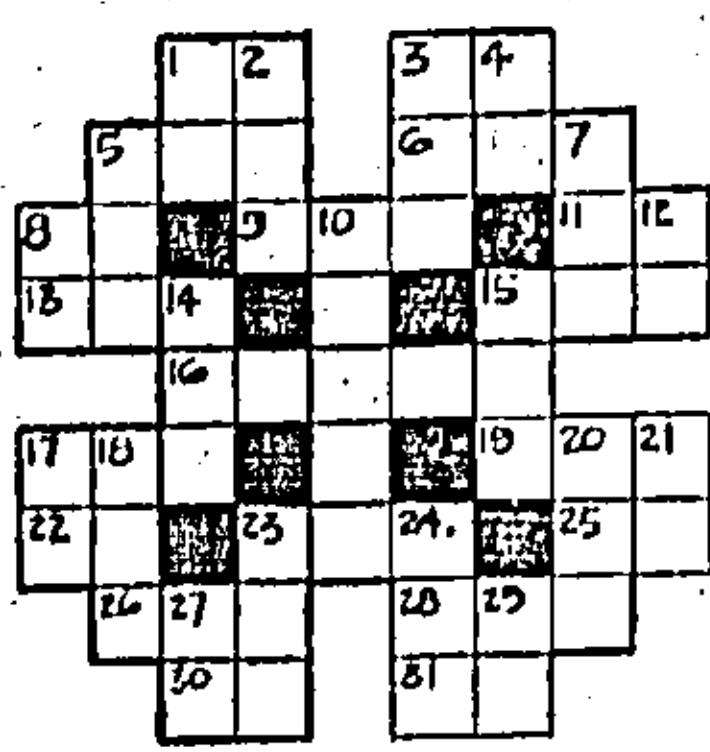
CRAFTS

AMES

JOKES

MENTAL GYMNASIUM

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

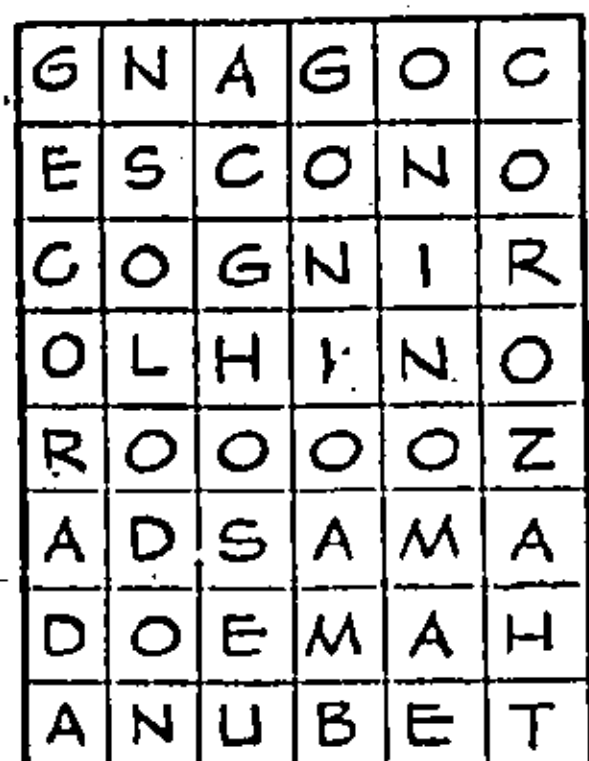
- Part of "to be"
- Pair (ab.)
- Excellent
- Disenumbered
- Doctor (ab.)
- Number
- Symbol for erbium
- Pippen
- Female sheep
- Go in
- Possesses
- Opening
- Measure of area
- Exist
- Id est (ab.)
- Feline creature
- Upper limb
- Compass point
- Toward

DOWN

- Paid notice
- Whiticism
- Golf teacher
- Smallest state (ab.)
- Skill
- Moisture
- Doctor of Science (ab.)
- Desert short supply
- Musical note
- Alternative reply
- Unit of energy
- Laughter sound
- Part of a circle
- Point a weapon
- Prince Edward (ab.)
- Dined
- Consume
- Any
- International language

HOMONYM
Fill in the blanks with words that sound alike, but are spelled differently, to complete our sentence:
The _____ waved farewell as the ship left the _____.

RIVER SQUARE
Eight rivers are hidden in our square. Locate them by finding the correct starting point, then reading each letter either up, down, backward or forward (but never diagonally):

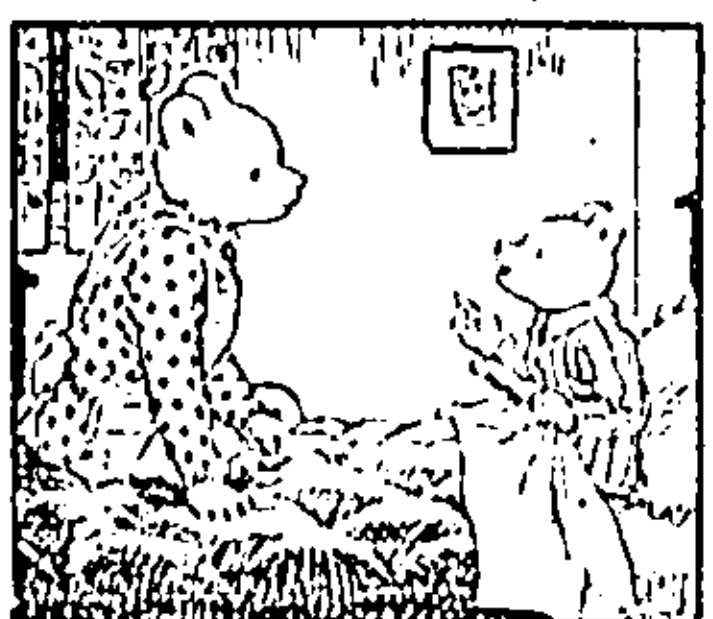


DIAMOND

Everyone likes PARTIES, so let's try a diamond centered on them. The second word is "a feline," the third "to transport," the fifth "journeys," and the sixth "an affirmative reply."

P
A
R
T
I
E
S

Rupert & the live toys—18



That night, as Mrs. Bear is tucking Rupert up in bed, she becomes thoughtful. "I hope you're doing right," she says, gently. "But are you sure you haven't let your kind heart get the better of you? Have you thought what Santa Claus may feel about it? He may not like his toys playing truant, and he may be worrying and wondering where his gruff and hippo have got to." "Oh dear, that's awkward," says Rupert. "But surely, if we're here, and to them it must be all right. And soon he is asleep."

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BRONCHO BILL



Object of Search



Mischief In The Kitchen

Rubbalong Tale No. 5.
By ENID BLYTON

RUBBALONG was going through Ding-Dong Wood, a pair of boots hung round his neck to take home to mend.

He suddenly heard a loud howl. "Don't! Don't! Oh, my lovely hat!" He ran down the path and peeped round a tree. He saw Sniff, a small goblin, grinning at two brownie children. They were howling dismally. Rubbalong saw why. Sniff had waylaid the children, and played a trick on them. He had thrown both their hats high up in the trees. Nasty little Sniff! He was always doing things like that.

Rubbalong grinned. He strolled round the tree. "Hello! Nice game this you're playing, Sniff! Can I play it, too?"

And before Sniff could say a word he snatched off his feathered goblin-hat and flung it on the topmost branch of the near-by tree. Then he pulled off Sniff's coat and threw that up, too, then his belt and then his shoes. There they all hung swinging in the wind that shook the tree.

"Nice game! Really excellent!" said Rubbalong. "So glad you let me play it, too. So long, Sniff. Come on, children—I'll take you home."

Now a few days after that, very peculiar things began to happen to Rubbalong and his old mother. The kitchen clock jumped down to the floor and every time it was put back it jumped down again. Then the poker walked out into the middle of the room and back again. Once it even poked at one of the cats.

When Ma Rubbalong was baking cakes, the oven door kept opening and shutting, and all her cakes were spoilt. The kettle behaved queerly, too—it would keep tipping itself up and pouring water on to the three cats on the hearth-rug.

"Maybe it's a Fidgety Spell not loose," said Ma Rubbalong, puzzled. But no—all her spells were safe.

Then the dustbin out in the yard went mad. It kept leaving its place and coming to the window and looking in. It even said things.

"I'm waiting for you, Rubbalong," it said in a funny voice, and jiggled its lid. "I take in rubbish—and that's why I'm waiting for you."

"How awfully rude," said Rubbalong, and put the dustbin back into its place. "Be civil," he said to it. "And stay put."

But it didn't stay put and one night it kept Rubbalong and his mother awake for hours because it jiggled its lid without stopping.

Then the three cats went mad, too. Tib suddenly leapt into the air as if somebody had run a pin into her. Tab suddenly jumped out of the window and ran for miles. Tubby woke up with a yowl and tore round the room without stopping.

"What's happening?" said little Rubbalong, more alarmed than ever. "Ma, I don't like it. There's a spell running about loose here. We'd better move."

"Move! When we've only just come!" said Ma Rubbalong.



... But Ma Rubbalong knew all right

again! If I see it peeping into the window any more I'll go mad."

"Ma— whoever's playing these tricks on us is out in the yard now, moving the dustbin," said Rubbalong, in a whisper. "Quick, Ma—make a plan."

Yes—yes—I've got a plan," said Ma Rubbalong, tying her apron string. "Get me the pepper-pot, Rubbalong—the big one. And as soon as anything peculiar happens in the kitchen, shut all the windows and the doors at once, so that we'll know the imp is here. Then watch your chance!"

Rubbalong grinned. He fetched the big pepper-pot. His mother hid it under her apron. They waited. Then the clock jumped down to the floor so they knew that the joker was in the kitchen again.

Rubbalong slammed the door shut. He shut the windows. Ma Rubbalong whipped the pepper-pot out from under her apron, and began to shake it hard into every corner. She and Rubbalong held their noses—and they listened.

"A whoosh ool! What a sneeze!" It came from under the table. Rubbalong flung himself there—no, he didn't catch anyone.

"It's Sniff!" cried Rubbalong. "Sniff, the goblin! I might have guessed it. Ma, he played these tricks just because I punished him for teasing children. That nasty, spiteful, little creature. I really don't know what we're going to do with him."

But Ma Rubbalong knew all right. She took off her slipper, she put the howling Sniff across her knee and she gave him one her very, very best spankings. How he yelled.

"You'll hardly believe it, but the dustbin was so interested that it almost broke the window, trying to watch. I'm not surprised. It's always good to know that somebody is getting what they deserve."

(London Express Service)

JIG-SAW GAME

At your next party, gather up all the simple jigsaw puzzles that you can, along with a number of card tables. Scatter the pieces of these jigsaw puzzles around several rooms, assign a chair at the tables to each player, and give the signal, "Go."

First prize goes to the player who first finds all the pieces to one of the puzzles and arranges them correctly on the table.

Second prize goes to the player who correctly arranges most of his puzzle within a given time limit.

Another angle is to cut up in small pieces pictures from magazines and newspapers and scatter them around.

Not only must the player find the pieces to a picture, but she must also paste them into a neat picture on a piece of cardboard.

DO-IT
By Dale Goss



1. On a brightly colored MAGAZINE COVER mark off triangular strips 1 inch wide and 9 inches long

2. Lay strip with brightest colors down on a NEWSPAPER... cover thinly with PASTE down to 1" of base.

3. Roll tightly on a ROUND TOOTHPICK to the tip. Remove toothpick!

Things to Make With Materials at Hand

Make 14 triangular beads... then make 15 more beads from strips of PLAIN PAPER 1" wide and 3" long.

4. After beads have dried, place on toothpicks and paint with clear NAIL POLISH. STICK IN BAR OF SOAP TO DRY.

5. When polish is dry... remove toothpicks. Starting with small bead, string alternately on a heavy string.

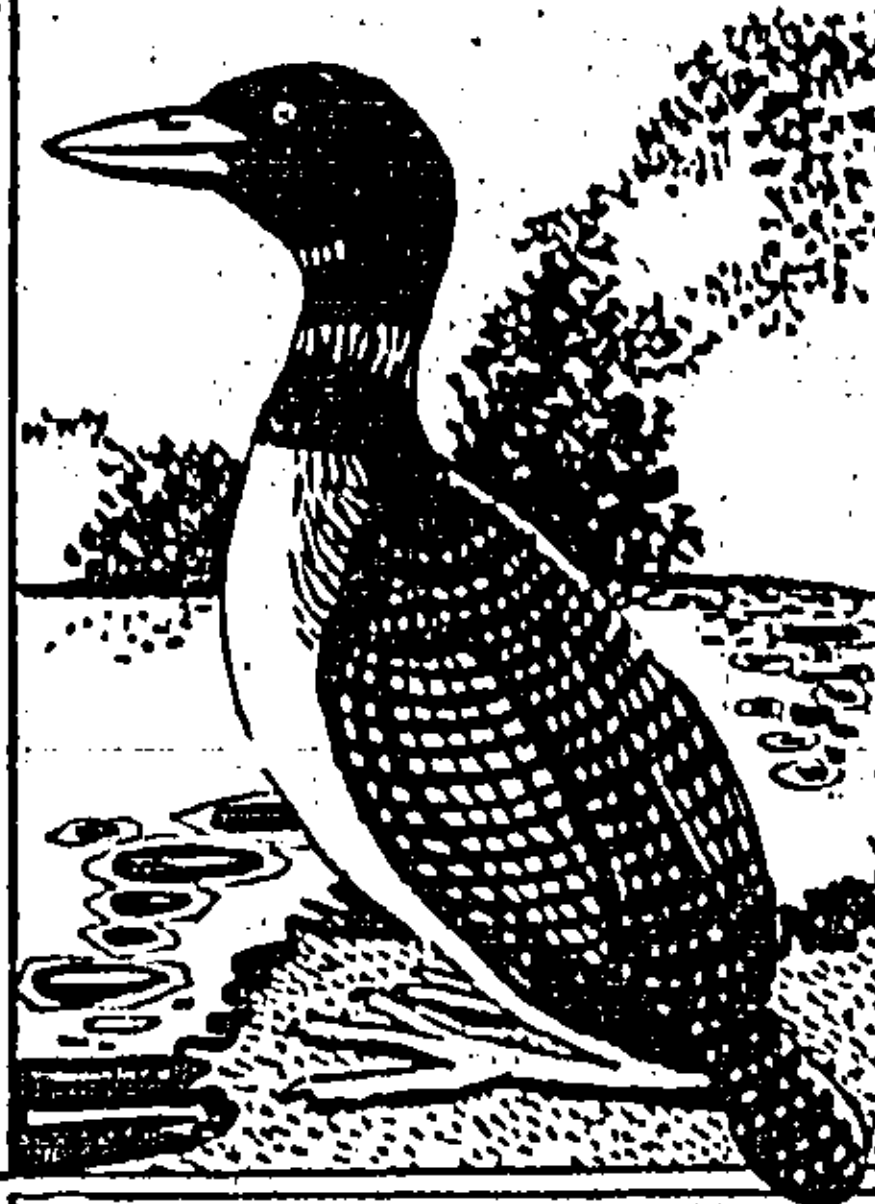
TIE AROUND YOUR NECK!

ZOO'S WHO

LOONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN ON FISH HOOKS AT THE DEPTH OF NINETY FEET.



MONKEYS IN JAVA ARE TRAINED TO HARVEST COCONUT CROPS.



BEEBES ARE THE ONLY INSECTS DOMESTICATED BY MAN...

Teddy Saw a Picture Book

—But He Didn't Know What the Pictures Were—

By MAX TRELL



Teddy looked at the funny pictures.

WHEN Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, entered the playroom, they found Teddy the Stuffed Bear looking into a very large book. It was laid out on the floor before him.

"It's all full of pictures," said Teddy, "but they're the strangest kinds of pictures. They aren't pictures of people or animals or trees or houses. I don't know what they're pictures of."

Knarf said: "Let's see them, Teddy." So Knarf and Hanid looked at the pictures in the big book. The next instant, Knarf and Hanid both exclaimed that they weren't ordinary pictures at all. "They're maps!" said Hanid. "It's a geography book!"

"What are maps?" Teddy asked. "And what's geography?"

Hanid explained that maps were drawings of all the land, and seas, and rivers and countries and cities of the whole world. "And when you study about all these things—the land, the seas, the rivers, the countries, and the towns—that's called geography," he added. "The children all study geography in school."

Teddy looked at the maps again. "Why are there so many different colours?" he asked. "Those are the different countries," said Knarf. "Each of them has a separate colour. That's so you can tell them apart."

"Here's the United States where we are," Hanid broke in pointing to the middle of one of the maps. "You see it's coloured brownish."

"And what's that," asked Teddy, "right above it, coloured pink?"

"That's Canada, Teddy. It's north of the United States."

"And what's that below, coloured green?" Knarf said: "That's Mexico. It's south of the United States."

"And what's that all around the United States, and Canada, and Mexico? It's all coloured blue."

"Those are seas and oceans," said Hanid. "On one side is the Atlantic Ocean. On the other side is the Pacific. And way up at the top is the Arctic Ocean, which goes around the North Pole where it's very cold."

Great Continents

Knarf and Hanid explained many more things about maps to Teddy. They explained about the six great continents: Asia, Africa, North America, ("Where the United States, Canada and Mexico are," said Hanid), South America, Europe and Australia. They explained about the different countries of the world such as England, France, Spain and all the other countries. Then they showed Teddy how all the large cities were shown on the map by dots with their names after them.

"Maps are wonderful!" Teddy finally said. "You can sit right in front of one and go travelling all over the world, across oceans, and continents, and from one city to another!"

So Knarf and Hanid nodded and said that was right, and walked out, leaving Teddy sitting in front of the maps in the geography book, travelling all over the world.

Upside Down

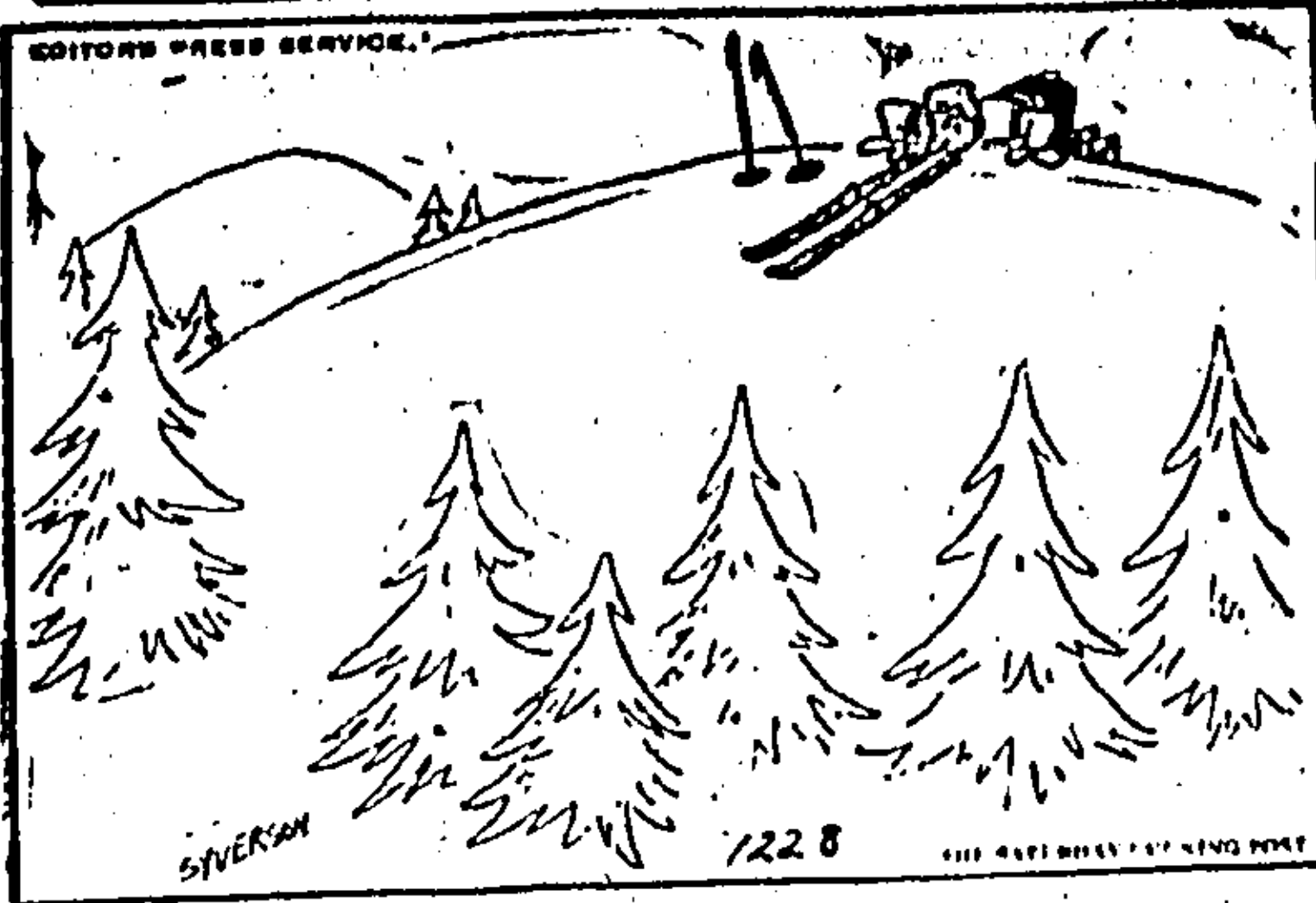
IT'S hard to identify familiar objects when you're looking at them upside down. That's why this game of identifying upside-down pictures is fun.

Place a row of pictures upside down on the floor. They may be pictures of almost anything, famous buildings or personalities, your friends, or buildings in your own home town. Include some common objects, such as advertisements of silverware, furniture, animals, and food.

Allow the contestants to look only a few moments at these pictures at a certain distance from them.

Then tell them to go to the table and make a list of what they saw.

BIBLE
Auditorium
BIBLE
Auditorium
M and Mody Roads
KOWLOON.



The Gurkhas And Athletics

In the account of the I and Forces Athletic Championships in the Telegraph on Thursday mention was made by "Recorder" that he was surprised the Gurkhas, who are natural athletes, did rather poorly as a team.

The Telegraph is in receipt of a letter to the effect that this criticism was "unjust, bitter and ignorant." Let it be thought that there was any intention to demean a game effort on the part of a fine race of men to contribute to the success of a type of sporting event unfamiliar to them, we feel it necessary to explain why we singled the Gurkhas' performances out for particular comment.

"Recorder" was unaware of the fact that the Gurkhas' appearance in an athletic championship was, as we are now informed, an entirely novel experience for them.

He noted the fact that they had all the physical prerequisites necessary for much finer performances than they achieved at Sookunpoo and suggested that their one individual winner, a high jumper, was capable of a clearance a good seven inches higher than he managed on Wednesday. This, of course, provided he had the necessary coaching in style and training.

CLIMBING A HANDICAP?
Of the fact that the Gurkhas, as an Army unit, have seldom or never competed in an athletic meet of any importance, "Recorder" was unaware. For this information we are indebted to our correspondent.

Our correspondent goes further to explain that "the Gurkhas, being a hill people, cannot possibly be regarded as athletes" and suggests that their performance at Sookunpoo be measured in the light of this information.

With this statement, though well-intended, "Recorder" heartily disagrees, and can point to Olympic champions who came from as high a level on the Andes as do the Gurkhas from the Himalayas.

Highland Scots, he hopes, will buck him up in the view that mountain-climbing is a hardy cramp one's style in the sprint, jump and run variety of sport. His estimate of the Gurkhas' athletic future is that once they have acquired some acquaintance with even elementary technique in running and jumping, they will be good competition for the best we have to offer locally.

Britain Ahead In Davis Cup

Lisbon, Apr. 29.—Britain won both the singles and the opening day of their first round match against Portugal, in the European Zone of the Davis Cup competition here today.

Tony Mottram, Britain's 28-year-old ace, defeated Jose Roquette 6-6, 6-3, 7-5.

Geoffrey Palsch beat J. da Silva 6-4, 6-1, 6-3.

In another first round match at Prague, Czechoslovakia gained a 2-0 lead over Morocco.

The results were: J. Drobny (Czechoslovakia) beat G. Baskulor 6-0, 6-1, 6-0; V. Cernik (Czechoslovakia) beat A. Noghes 6-3, 6-2, 6-2.

In the second round the winners meet the victors of the Portugal v Britain match.

Reuter.

Death Of Mrs. N. Sopher

Mrs. Noorudeen Sopher, wife of Dr. S.A.M. Sopher, died early this morning, after a long illness, at her home in Johnston Road.

She is survived by her husband and three young daughters.

Mrs. Sopher, with her husband and family, left for Macao early in the Japanese occupation, and from there went to Free China. Early in 1944 they made their way to India, where Dr. Sopher enlisted in the R.I.A.M.C. in which he served until the surrender of Japan. After his demobilisation, Dr. Sopher and his family returned to Hongkong, arriving here in August last year.

The funeral will take place at the Mohammedan Cemetery at 3 p.m. today.

Academy Cold War Continues

Munnings And The "Whippersnappers"

London, Apr. 29.—A cold war raged today at the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts in London's Piccadilly, though on the surface, everything appeared friendly.

Five thousand people were engaged in animated conversation, but the house was divided into two camps—the supporters of Sir Alfred Munnings, 69-year-old retiring President of the Academy, and the Modernists.

Explosive Sir Alfred was repeating all the expletives which millions of radio listeners heard him use in his attack against the Modernists during last night's Academy banquet. The Modernists were still smarting from the phrases Sir Alfred applied to their work—"aesthetic juggling," "rubbish," "nonsense." They stood expectantly near their paintings or sculpture as if ready to protect them against physical attack.

Through the Galleries went Sir Alfred, wearing black and checked trousers, a black coat and a pulled-down bow tie. Following him came his chief champion, Lady Munnings.

Outside the Sculpture Gallery, Sir Alfred drew a halt. "I just won't go into that chamber of horrors," he said, pointing to a pair—a male and female nude in terra cotta. "Did you ever see anything like that? Yet they let the fellow responsible in as a Member the other day."

Sir Alfred has six pictures in the show. He is famous for his pictures of horses, and has "blacklisted" George Chagall, George Ronald, Marc Chagall, "There whippersnappers call my horse shiny," he said excitedly.

Within a few hours of the opening of the Academy, three of Sir Alfred's pictures had been sold to private purchasers—Reuter.

WEEK-END SPORT

TODAY

Athletics—Land Forces v. King George V School at Argyle Street.

Football—First Division League: Eastern v. CAA at Caroline Hill; Kwong Wah v. Club at Boundary Street; St. Joseph's v. Navy at Happy Valley (Kick-off at 5 p.m.).

Second Division League: Kitching v. Army (Hongkong) at Caroline Street; PCA v. Army at Boundary Street; St. Joseph's v. South China at Happy Valley (Kick-off at 3.30 p.m.).

Lawn Bowls—KCC v. Sports Club at Cox's Road; Talkoo v. HK Electric at North Point; Police v. Recreation at Happy Valley; IRC v. Sun-Club at Sookunpoo; Filipino Club v. Recreation at King's Park; KDRC v. KBCC at Kowloon Docks.

Opening—Ladies' Recreation Club Swimming Pool at Peak Road, 3.30 p.m.

Prize-giving and Dance—Hongkong Softball Association at Peninsula Hotel, 8 p.m.

Tennis—KCC Tournament: Capt. Turner Cooke v. A. E. P. Guest; Mr. and Mrs. Horsman v. Mr. and Mrs. A. V. White.

TOMORROW

Football—First Division League: KMB v. Kitching at Boundary Street; South China v. Police at Caroline Hill; R.A.F. v. South China "A" at Sookunpoo (Kick-off at 5 p.m.).

Second Division League: Talkoo v. Club at Happy Valley (Kick-off at 5.30 p.m.); Tramways v. Police at Sookunpoo (Kick-off at 3.30 p.m.).

Hockey—International Series: Portugal v. Pakistan at King's Park, 10 a.m.

Softball—Inter-Hong League: Shell v. Slavnac, 11 a.m.; A.P.L. v. Gibbs, 2 p.m.; Musicians v. Caltex, 3.15 p.m.; at King's Park.

Tennis—KCC Tournament: W. Gibbs & A. V. White v. H. Hildsalo & C. S. Rolfe; Miss M. Ribeiro v. Winner of Mrs. M. Lablans v. Miss Lambert Baker; E. Handall v. Winner of Capt. Turner Cooke v. A. E. P. Guest; E. C. Fincher v. Winner of T. O. Baker & H. Gabriel; Mrs. Dorey & Mrs. Lawes v. Winner of Mr. & Mrs. Horsman v. Mr. & Mrs. White.

Russia Protests Against UN "String-Pulling"

Flushing Meadow, Apr. 29.—Russia today alleged that attempts were being made to hold up proceedings in the United Nations General Assembly to avoid discussion on Franco Spain and the Indonesian question.

M. Jacob Malik, the Soviet representative, told the Assembly's Steering Committee, which was considering means of speeding up the Assembly's work, that delaying tactics were taking place in the Political Committee's discussion of the Italian colonies issue.

"The impression arises that somebody is trying to stymie normal consideration of the question through a mass pulling of strings behind the scenes," he said.

He added that this was being done to prevent the Committee reaching other questions.

The importance of the Spanish question, he concluded, had acquired added significance lately and the destiny of the Indonesian Republic was of no less importance.

M. Malik suggested that the Assembly should aim at ending the present session on May 18.

He supported a Polish proposal that the questions of the admission of Israel to the United Nations and the Indian complaint against South Africa should be taken from the agenda of the Political Committee and sent, instead, to the Minor Political Committee.

Mr. John Foster Dulles, the United States representative, earlier proposed that the admission of Israel should be sent to the Minor Political Committee but that the Indonesian issue and the Indian South African dispute should be kept on the agenda of the Political Committee.

Mr. Charles Malik, of the Lebanon, opposed "tampering" with the Political Committee's agenda.

After more than an hour's debate, with five delegates to speak, the President, Dr. Herbert E. Pratt, said that he would have to postpone the matter a second time until later today.—Reuter.

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DEATH

SEPIER—Noorudeen, dearly beloved wife of Dr. S. A. M. Sopher, died early this morning (at her residence in Johnston Road, aged 52). Funeral at Mohammedan Cemetery, Happy Valley, at 3 p.m. today.

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